The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 149. WEEK ENDING SEPT. 9TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

One of the "little things" that count:

"Wood-Milne" Rubber Heels fitted rightly on your boots are splendid savers of both your health and nerves.

No more jarring headache-causing shocks 'twixt hard, unyielding heels and pavement—you just walk everywhere as if your paths were laid with richest Axminster. "Wood-Milnes" keep your boots in shape as well, add weeks and months to their utility, so save you money. A pair of real "Wood-Milne" Rubber Heels will outlast three leather soles. Made from better quality rubber than any other rubber heels in the world; whenever and wherever you buy "Wood-Milnes" your satisfaction is assured.

Obtainable in Jet Black, Brown, or Grey Rubber. To make sure of getting the genuine "Wood-Milnes" make sure to see the name "Wood-Milne" stamped on each heel.

Bear this in mind.

To get the utmost all-round benefit from "Wood-Milne" Rubber Heels, be sure to have them fixed properly. The circular "Wood-Milnes" should be sunk into the boot-heel, right at the back, and almost flush with the leather. So fixed, they will never skid, come off, or wear unevenly. Best to let the bootmaker fix them.

Wood-Milne Rubber Heels

The ESYFIX tip is the newest Wood-Milne success—simple, economical, and absolutely efficient. The Wood-Milne Esyfix Tip is so constructed as to be firmly secured on the boot heels by nails driven through the small leather centre-piece only. The Wood-Milne Esyfix Tip can, if necessary, be fixed in a couple of minutes, and a new tip can be fixed without re-heeling the boot. Two sizes for men and two sizes for ladies.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, and payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21 Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Dark flannel and blue serge suits, not worn, misfits, fit 5ft. 8in.; 70s. or offers. Sell separately.—Box 4964, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Evening dress, white vest, short morning coat, and trousers, suit gent 5ft. 9in., 34in. chest, 30s.; bargain.—Box 4965, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The McKinley "Mac.," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Autumn wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved. —C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

Special advertising offer. Gentlemen's 12s. 6d. boots for P.O. 8s. 6d. Box calf, glacé kid, lace or button. Direct from Factory. Made latest styles. Fair wear guaranteed. Approval. Wholesale lists free. 33⅓ per cent. saved.—Leslie's, 29, St. Leonards Road, Leicester.

Lovely summer suit, never been worn; 30s.; chest 38½.—Box 4934, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Lilywhite knows of a horse in the Cambridgeshire which has been specially kept, and will win bar accidents, and it now stands at 100 to 1.—Send 1s. and stamped addressed envelope, care of Mallinson, Advertising Agent, Shrewsbury.

Winslow roller skates (new); also Silver King lamp, and good cycle chain, 17s., bargain.—Box 4968, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sportsman's gun, double-barrelled breech-loader, splendid killer, sound condition, 35s.—Finch, Flitwick.

Sandow's five-springed dumb-bells, nickel-plated, morocco-covered handles; also Sandow's developer; each 7s. 6d.; as new.—Box 4963, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Pair Winslow's ball-bearing skates, size 9½, never used, cost £1, take 10s. Bargain.—Box 4971, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

FOOTBALLS AND OUTFITS.—Jack Bowman (League member), expert outfitter. Quotations. Catalogues. —Apply 1,000, Harrow Road, London. Telephone, Willesden 1,000.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Quarter-plate hand camera, perfect condition, cost £2; take 17s. 6d. Approval.—Box 4971, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high-grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 43.

EDUCATIONAL.

Advertising. Complete set of books of "How to Become an Efficient Advertisement Writer" for sale. What offers?—Box 4969, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Shares for sale in London business from £20 to £30, to suit buyer; 25 per cent. guaranteed.—Box 4967, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

A Day will Ease—7 days will cure. The very worst cases yield instantly to the "Pile cure that really cures." Then why suffer? when 1s. 1½d. will bring a whole box post free in plain wrapper. Sample, penny stamp. Cure yourself to-day.—Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s. —Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Moustache Grower. Pendun's Moustache Pomade forces a magnificent Moustache in a remarkably short time on the most boyish face. A 6d. tin will be sent by return in plain wrapper (postage 1d. extra). Send 7d. to A. Pendun (Dept. D), 597, Holloway Road, London, N.

Recipes.—Healthy complexion, ruddy complexion, abscesses, sores, gout, 1s. 9d.; piles, indigestion, nervous debility, ringworm, 2s. 9d.; heart disease, epilepsy, lumbago, rheumatic gout (great relief), 3s. 9d.; liver complaint, erysipelas, diabetes, pleurisy (splendid remedies), 4s. 9d.; eczema, dropsy (invaluable), 5s. 9d.; rheumatic gout (positive relief), 6s. 9d.; diseased lungs, quinsy, consumption (beneficial remedies), 7s. 9d.; asthma (hopeless cases cured), 8s. 9d.; cancer (25 cases cured), 21s.—Box 4966, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Handsome men are slightly sunburnt. Marvellous discovery, wonderful preparation, detection impossible, Nature itself, 1s. 1d.—"Sunbronze" Company, Hollyhocks, Westholm, Letchworth.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Save Your Soles. A preparation which will add 12 months' wear to boot leather. Splendid damp resister.—Box 4970, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Safety Razors reground, one penny each. Gillette, Auto-Strop, Clemak, &c., made equal to new, or money cheerfully refunded.—Wafer Blade Co., 36, Deneside Terrace, Bradford, Yorks.

21s. safety razor; brand new, 3s. 4d. post free.—Box 4758, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

A bargain; coat hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new; post free, P.O. 1s. 8d. —Box 3949, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No more round shoulders; wear Prof. Robertson's braces for chest expansion, post free 1s. 6d.—Robertson, 3, Norfolk Street, Blackfriars Road, London.

Violoncello wanted; would exchange zither banjo worth £5.—Box 4962, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

5s. safety razor, complete in case, with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4804, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Smokers.—A Box of Cigars.—For 2d. in stamps, we will send you an ivory pattern cigarette holder and our generous offer of a box of choice 3d. cigars free.—Darvell Supply Co. (Dept. G), 19B, Charles Street, Bradford, Yorks.

Employ yourself. Our book contains 400 real trade secrets and the Know How. 1s. 2d. post paid.—Porritt, Publisher, Bury, Lancs.

Astrology. When you are tired of experimenting with mysterious advertisers who fail to give you satisfaction, send birth-date and 1s. P.O. for a real astrological reading, and two years' useful advice to Prof. Mercury (L.K.), Philog, Cardiff.

PAWNBROKER'S CLEARANCE SALE.
Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.
Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

32S. 6D.—Powerful £12 12s. double-draw Binoculars, 12 lens; great magnification power, by Lumiere; most powerful glass made; name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore, quick focus, brilliant field of view, great penetration power; English leather case; week's free trial; great sacrifice, 32s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent John Forrest, London; absolutely perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D. — Gent.'s superior quality £4 15s. tailor-made Indigo Blue Serge Jacket Suit by West-End tailor; smart, stylish cut and finish; 39in. breast, 36in. waist, 32in. leg; never worn; great bargain, 19s. 6d. Approval.

12S. 6D.—Gent.'s Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped); solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

29S. 6D.—Magnificent £8 8s. Double Breech-loader Gun, top lever, proof-tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire, perfect condition; sacrifice, 29s. 6d. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

The Modern Man

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CHEEK.

Aviators Who Have Got the Hump.—No. 1: Lieutenant Cammell.

* * *

A correspondent writes from Wales to say that the reason why Jews can't go straight is that when they try to "follow their noses" they turn a somersault.

* * *

Sir John Hare, who, after countless Farewells, will soon return to the stage, justifies his name by his "runs."

* * *

The attraction at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, last week, was "Tommy Atkins." But it is not correct that nursemaids in uniform were admitted free.

* * *

Love is like butter. It is so seldom really pure.

* * *

Mr. Walter Passmore and his wife (Miss Agnes Fraser) are appearing in a sketch called "Sweet Williams." It is hardly necessary to say that they make a very good pear.

* * *

FROM BOXING TO THE BOARDS.

[Jimmy Britt will soon appear in a sketch, "The Master of Croxley," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.]

Come, sportsmen, in his venture new,
Let's hope that Boxer Britt
Will show that as an actor, too,
He still can make a hit.

* * *

Says Mr. W. J. Locke: "Art is long and the talk about it is longer." And the hair of its devotees is longest.

* * *

A fashion writer hails the introduction of what he calls the "Lounge Hat." Is this the kind that looks as though it has been sat on?

* * *

A philosopher asserts that "It is the greatest mistake in the world to imagine that all the actresses are on the stage." Bertie Bonnyboy says that all of them *he* knows are on the make.

* * *

Mr. John Cashmore, who recently died possessed of £42,310, was obviously born to be connected with cheques.

* * *

"What's this I hear about 'Mail-Bags on the Beach'?" queried dear old Mrs. Footler, anxiously. "How dreadful if they had been female x x x x x's!"

* * *

The "Spectator" suggests that Mr. Keir Hardie is a fallen god." One of poor Keir's ruder critics says the last word ought to be spelled backwards.

* * *

The Middlesex County Cricket Club says that, just as a man mustn't have what isn't his'n, the English Eleven for Australia cannot take the young cricketer who is Hearne.

J. S. Cox.

INTERNATIONAL AND COUNTY QUALIFICATIONS.

SHOWING WHO ARE ELIGIBLE AND WHO ARE NOT.

Hot discussion has been raging around the proposal to play Tarrant, the Australian and Middlesex professional cricketer, for England when the Triangular Test Matches come along, while last football season the English Rugby Union were severely criticised for playing Mr. S. H. Williams, the Newportonian, for England at full-back.

The rules of the various sporting bodies differ widely. As regards Tarrant's case, he comes under the County Championship Rules, which are as follows, a British Colony, Dependency, or State being regarded as a county for the purposes of these rules:

(1) A cricketer may not play for more than one county (or country) within the calendar year; the penalty for an infringement of this rule to be disqualification for two years.

(2) Qualification by birth: A cricketer is always eligible to play for the county of his birth.

(3) Qualification by residence: A cricketer is qualified to play for any county in which he has resided for the previous 24 months, and is residing but:

(a) The mere acquirement or hiring of a tenement, unless used as a bona-fide home, does not constitute residence.

(b) The occupation of a tenement during the cricket season only does not constitute residence.

(4) A player whose qualification is doubtful or challenged must prove it to the satisfaction of the M.C.C.

(5) A cricketer who has played for a county for five successive years is qualified to play for that county for the rest of his cricket career, or until he plays for some other county.

(6) A cricketer may play for the county, for which he has acquired a residential qualification, for two successive years immediately after he has ceased to reside in such county.

Lately it was proposed to bar a player from playing for more than one *country* during his career, but the matter was left undecided.

Tarrant, therefore, provided he does not play for another country within twelve months of the Triangular Test Matches, is eligible to represent us in them.

He is not likely, however, to be chosen, though that is no reflection on his great abilities. It would be absurd to play for England an Australian who a few years ago played for Australia v. England.

In regard to Rugby football, parentage first, birth next, decide the International qualification.

That is, a man born in England of Scottish parentage may claim to play for Scotland, while a man born of mixed parentage may play for either of his parents' countries, though it is usual to give the preference to the country of his father.

If he likes, he can play for the country of his birth irrespective of his parentage.

There is no residential qualification for Rugby Internationals, but there is for Rugby county football. The following are the Rules:

(1) A man may play:

(a) For the county in which he was born, or

(b) For the county in which he has resided for the three months previous to the time of playing, or

(c) For the county in which he is residing at school or college, either as pupil or master, at the time of playing, provided his residence at the school or college be in the same county.

(2) No man shall play for more than one county during the same season.

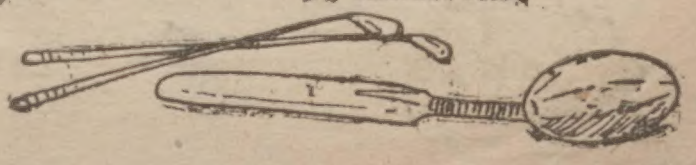
(3) A man who has resided for three months previous to the time of playing in a county in which there is no county club playing matches, shall be qualified to play for any county adjoining the county in which he resides.

Residence by members of the University at Oxford and Cambridge shall not afford qualification under this regulation. This regulation shall not apply to the county of Monmouth.

(5) No man possessing an Irish, Scotch, or Welsh International Cap shall be eligible to play in an English County Championship match.

At golf the International qualification is the same as at Rugby—namely, parentage, or birth.

F. KINGSFORD.



THE DUSTBIN

A LONDON SKETCH.

By HENRY SINGER.

She seemed an old woman.

She chattered sometimes to those around her, complaining of the heat of the dead night, breaking off now and then to say, "'Ere, a luvly bunch o' flowers, ly'dy," or "Won't you buy a carnation, sir?"

Her face had dropped into loose folds. Her hands were not pretty. You looked for any shape in vain. And then there were the old rags, the wretched bonnet, the ill-repaired shoes.

Rubbish—and old rubbish, too. Not even that rag and bone merchant of human beings, the keeper of the lowest type of registry office, could find any use for her.

So London had just dropped her into the Dustbin that it keeps in one of its finest court-yards by its most beautiful bronze statue.

Ariel, poised on tip-toe aloft, exulting, took no account of her.

His bow was pointed her way no longer.

He asked you to follow the flight of his arrow, disregarding the refuse beneath his shapely feet.

He stands for you who are on the laughing side of Piccadilly. Obediently enough you look into the half world with him. Sensibly enough you do not allow your eyes to dwell on the Dustbin.

Pray that you may never have permanently the view of Ariel that one gains from the foot of his statue, for there is the heart of the heart of London, and the heart of the heart of London is a piteous thing, tempering the life-blood of the town with sadness.

The old woman sat down on the steps. Trade had not been bad. Ah, well! She was free to let her mind drift a little.

Mind? Aye, of course she had a mind. Noted for it since her earliest days. Always hated narrow-minded people. For her, the enjoyment of life, the ways of a true Bohemia that existed in the London of her day.

Some girl passing on the arm of a cavalier smiled at her a little jauntily. The young man threw her a copper.

"Gawd bless yer, sir!" she said.

She knew the formula.

Her own cavaliers had thrown coppers into the Dustbin.

She turned her attention to her sisters on the other side of the Circus—everyone a blood relation of this old woman—on the other side of the road.

To her they were classed: old hands, young hands.

The old hands were, some of them, not far off the Dustbin themselves. Of these she took no account. They would disappear soon.

There would be a period in some suburb of South or West London. Then—back to dear, old Piccadilly! The Dustbin, perhaps, but, nevertheless, back!

The old woman's eye (how many masculine eyes had kindled at the glance of those once beautiful things, so apathetic, so fish-like now!) lights on a young hand in whom she has some interest.

A woman at the last can always find solace in comparing notes, if only with herself—and there was a time, as Gilbert had it, when love and she were well acquainted.

The girl, she decides, is a bit of a fool.

There was a young man before whom she dropped her head and did not pass the "good evening" that is the antennæ of the wandering wisps of painted humanity that dye the London night with rouge. Why the shame in that particular instance?

But she sees that the young man is looking back at the girl in surprised recognition.

It is very plain to the old woman now. The young man is from the girl's native place. Most likely knows her father, her mother, or (horrible to think) is friendly with her brother.

He passes on, and the old woman's idea is confirmed by the fact that, having seen the youth safely out of sight, she is not chary of her "good evenings."

An urchin passes by the Dustbin.

"'Ere," says the old woman to him, "go an' give that girl—see 'er? Yes, there—the tip to be a bit careful or she'll be gettin' nabbed for accostin'."

"An' get a cuff on the 'ead from 'er? Yus. I should fink so!"

"Well, dam' yer; don't then! Like as not, too, she'll only come over 'ere an' sauce me for the advice. You git, young limb o' Satan!"

After all, the girl must buy her experience, she decides, and, maybe, she will hear the whole story of it some day from her own lips.

Often the period is very brief ere one is thrown into the Dustbin (to which there are certain short cuts). And in the Dustbin one hears some very interesting stories—deliciously harrowing, exquisitely sad.

BAD FRENCH.

Many persons are rather fond of interlarding their speech, or, more frequently, their writings, with French words or phrases, which, as a rule, are either not French or are Gallicisms incorrectly used.

Take, for example, the use of the word *apropos*. At least fifty per cent. of people employing it say *apropos of* this or that thing. This is absurd. *Apropos* means "in reference to." Therefore, if you say "apropos of strikes," what you are really saying is "in reference to of strikes."

Then people habitually use the phrase *nom de plume*, but no Frenchman thus describes a pseudonym or alias. He might say *nom de guerre*, or *nom de theâtre*, but *nom de plume* never.

English people constantly write "Mons" for *Monsieur*, but no Frenchman would dream of doing so. He writes either *Monsieur* in full, or just M.

It is true that Marius, the famous Gaiety conductor, was universally known as "Mons" Marius, but that was more or less as a nickname.

French audiences never cry "*Encore*." If they wish to recall a performer, they say "*bis, bis*" (pronounced like beas in beastly) which, the first time you hear it, sounds very like hissing.

Again, a Frenchman never says *au revoir*. What he does say when taking leave and expecting to meet you again is "au plaisir," which is short for *au plaisir de vous revoir* (to the pleasure of seeing you again).

On the other hand, if saying good-bye for any length of period, the Frenchman murmurs *adieu*.

WARNING TO TRAIN USERS.

At this season of the year there is, of course, much more travelling on the railways than at other seasons. Almost everybody takes one or two railway journeys in September.

Among the crowds are thousands of school-children. They travel in batches for school treats, excursions, and outings of all sorts, and, judging by the noise they make, they have a good time. They crowd into the carriages with their food in paper bags. They take apples, tomatoes, buns, jam tarts, ginger beer, and all manner of sticky and adhesive sweets.

Now a large portion of this inevitably gets smeared about the seats and backs of the carriages. Sometimes it cannot be seen by the carriage cleaners, in which hands much of the comfort of passengers rests. The consequence is that travellers are just now finding a perfect plague of stickiness in the carriages. One's hands get smeared with all sorts of nasty remnants of stick-jaw and various sweets.

Moreover, often it happens that one's clothes suffer. Either you sit down on the residue of a jam tart or your coat is soiled by contact with other remains of the youngsters' feast. In any case the result is great discomfort and annoyance.

It is, therefore, well to remember that the railway companies will almost invariably make reparation for such damage as travellers sustain through this cause. If the traveller can show that his clothes have been injured or that he has been put to expense in having them cleaned, he can generally rely on the companies at least to pay the cost of such necessary work.

TRANNY OF THE R.S.P.C.A.

A CRITICISM.

t be said at once that this is not ght condemnation of the Royal or the Prevention of Cruelty to Unquestionably they do some at there are many who believe merits of these people are more nterbalanced by their shortcom-

what purpose was the Society Its title explains its professed and, upon the surface, it appears audable one.
is why it has become a wealthy erful organisation, for estimable es, having no troubles of their n their sympathy upon "the poor mb creatures that are man's ser- nd leave in their wills large sums of money for erance of the objects of the Society which is the protector of the lower creation.
old ladies need something to worry about, g to tickle their emotions of benevolence, a t to savour the dull, tasteless dish of their use- -centred and idle lives. The harrowing stories y to animals with which they are regaled in the "literature" provide them with exactly what uire.

SUPPORT THE FUNDS.

it ever occurred to them that there is more among the poor and sick of their own species re is in all the animal world put together? It is the human capacity for suffering pain is far than that of beasts.
is admitted, but the relief of poor people only heartfelt thanks; it does not secure the ial attention of obsequious officials, nor if it is ter death does it ensure its owner's name being ned on the pages of widely circulated "litera- or does it mean the hanging of the benefactor's in the hall of a renowned society.
so the wealthy maiden ladies give their alms heir own kind but to the R.S.P.C.A. They like excitement of attending the meetings, and they aving their emotions exercised with stories of suffering.

NG CASES.

t does the Society do for all this support? Some rtainly, for undoubtedly there are in the world a utes who, happening to have animals in their elight to torture them. The prosecution of such is meritorious, and their punishment is deserved. y are very few.
me ask you how often you personally have ed any exhibition of cruelty. Perhaps you are r in a large city and see many hundreds of horses streets every day; have you during the past five bserved one of these horses being unfairly treated? elty to animals, at least in the public streets, is that one is amazed to read in the newspapers the of so many prosecutions for cruelty, alleged to aken place in those very thoroughfares which verses daily.
w are these cruel people discovered? By the s of the R.S.P.C.A.

SNESS OF THE DEFENDANTS.

e culprits are, for the most part, carters, working bare living wage and too poor to enlist pro- al legal assistance for their defence. They can o their best to explain that the horse to which re alleged to have been cruel is a notorious jibber, t he was one of a pair and was leaving all the g for the other horse to do.
few cases are they able to produce a witness, e man in the street has neither the time nor in- on, except in rare cases where he is animated strong love of justice, for mixing himself up with court cases.
ractically speaking, the carter is undefended, for n illiterate explanation is too feeble to count.

The R.S.P.C.A., on the other hand, has a splendid case. Often their "inspector's" statement will be supported by the testimony of some person of position who says he saw the whole thing, but whose evidence is not strengthened when the fact leaks out that "he has frequently assisted prosecutions for cruelty to animals."

There will also be on the side of the prosecution a qualified veterinary surgeon.

Let us not suggest that the fact of his fee being paid by the R.S.P.C.A. will tend to bias his opinion in any way, but what is this sort of evidence worth? It is a noteworthy fact that the testimonies of medical experts in more important law cases invariably clash, and without a doubt the accused carter could find a veterinary surgeon to support his side of the case if he could but afford to pay him. This, however, he cannot do, and the evidence of the veterinary surgeon for the prosecution weighs heavily with the magistrate, who probably knows nothing about horses, except what he learned from the picture-books of his childhood.

PREJUDICING THE CASE.

Apart from all this, the evidence is in many cases given in a most prejudicial manner.

The man is not reported to have thrashed his horse, but to have "tortured" it; the horse is spoken of as the "poor animal"; if the horse is lazy it is described as being "dead-beat."

Possibly the additionally damning statement is made that the horse was taken away on an ambulance of Our Dumb Friends' League, though no evidence may be given as to whether the fetching of that ambulance was at all necessary.

In one recent case it was mentioned that the defendant was in possession of a steel core whip, as if that were in itself an evidence of cruelty. Was the R.S.P.C.A. "inspector" who was giving evidence really ignorant of the fact that the handles of nearly all carters' whips have a steel core?

THE PRISON TAINT.

The magistrate has to give his judgment according to the evidence produced by both sides, and there is practically no evidence for the defence, because the defendant is too poor and too uneducated to provide any. It is seldom that he can pay the fine imposed, and he has, therefore, to accept the alternative of a period of imprisonment.

Thenceforward he is marked as a gaol-bird, probably loses his job, and finds it next to impossible to obtain another.

While this society is busy in discovering cases of cruelty in places where the average man has never seen such things, they are leaving more important work untouched.

SOMETHING THE "INSPECTORS" DIDN'T SEE.

The ghastly and inhuman trade in old and decrepit horses which are exported from this country to Belgium, and which undergo many tortures on the voyage and afterwards, is still a flourishing trade. Some of the worst elements of it have been eliminated, but only after the matter was taken up by a powerful London newspaper. This trade was, for years before that, highly remunerative to the inhuman wretches who carried it on.

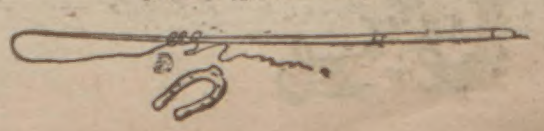
Did not the vigilant "inspectors" of the R.S.P.C.A. know anything about it, and if they did know about it, why did they not bring the culprits to book?

In connection with that trade there is still much work to be done, and it is more deserving of the attention of the R.S.P.C.A. than are the men against whom they at present bring charges.

There are, of course, certain cases of cruelty which can be judged by any sensible magistrate; but there are many others where the judge should be a person possessing expert knowledge of horses.

Bad little boys are condemned by magistrates to so many strokes of the birch-rod, dangerous hooligans are sentenced to punishment with the cat; but, no matter how bad or how dangerous a horse may be, it must not be thrashed if an "inspector" of the R.S.P.C.A. is anywhere about.

WM. MORGAN.



SERGEANT MAPLE'S MARTYRDOM

A TERRITORIAL TALE.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

The bloodless battle was temporarily adjourned. The "cease fire" had been sounded some five minutes, and fat, broad-beamed Sergeant Maple, of the regiment which, being one of the few farmers in it, he saw fit to call the Yeomanless Yeomanry, discovered that he was free to wonder when he was likely to get something to eat.

He waved to several men of his own mess who had found a patch of shade beneath a hedgerow, and, wiping the perspiration of zeal from his face, he tethered his horse under a tree.

Dispensing a few cutting remarks to the flies that bothered that excellent animal, he waddled off bowleggedly.

"Forty-eight hours in the saddle, Cuthbert," said a junior member of the mess, mockingly.

The old sergeant caressed two days' growth of stubbly beard and regarded the offending non-commissioned officer with disdain.

"Was carryin' a rifle when your nurse was carryin' you," he growled. "You hold y'r jokin', young feller."

He saw that some men of a co-operating infantry regiment were present, and felt that it was an opportunity to improve the occasion. Every available inch of shade was taken up.

"Sensible lot o' chaps you are," he said, "not to have joined the Yeomanry, 'specially this regiment, which is as full of upstarts as my eyes are o' midges. Nice thing to have to work in company with such light-headed lunatics as young Tibbs there. (We *do* make some articles sergeants in our crew.)"

"Let him run on," said Sergeant Tibbs of the new generation. "It's the heat. This is the way he always works it off. It's one of his tips to new campaigners. When it's ninety-nine in the shade, don't drink and make yourself all of a malt ——"

"'All of a malt,'" sneered Sergeant Maple. "Tryin' to make out he's a real yeoman of England now!"

"Or 'all in a muck wash' as you poetically put it, Sergeant," Sergeant Tibbs pursued. "Do neither of these things. Just find someone to growl at."

"It ain't over hard," said Sergeant Maple. "Give me a pipe of 'baccy, someone . . . I thought so. Not a bit of genuine Virginia amongst you. All fancy cut-hay mixtures. And that, gentlemen"—he turned to the more youthful sergeants of infantry—"is the veteran's reward! No one got the bloomin' decency to carry the 'baccy he likes!

"No, it ain't cheek on my part, either. The duty of the cavalry ain't to wait until they're asked to come in. We ain't a defensive force. We have to find the enemy, come in contact with him, defeat him, and then pulverise him."

The infantry men laughed.

"And," added the Sergeant, nodding his grey-flecked head slowly, "every man what carries cut hay is my enemy."

One of the infantry men threw him his tobacco tin.

"Try that," he said.

"Honest shag!" cried the Sergeant delightedly. "A prophet, you see," he added as he packed his pipe, "ain't without 'baccy, 'cept among his own kin.

"Wish to heaven I'd 'listed in the infantry. Always reckon that there's gentry in the infantry. You know what the associations of that noble animal, the horse, are. Marked down as a collection of wrong 'uns. In our lot, almost without exception, barrin' the case of Robert Maple, Sergeant, they ain't got the conscience of dicky dealers.

"Lots of 'em have got tastier stuff than water in their bottles, but even if they have d'you think they'd offer it to their old Sergeant on a hot day like this? Not they. Now, if there's one thing I do like, it's gin-and-soda—such as a little bird has whispered to me, gentlemen, is the fashionable nectar in your regiment . . .

"No, sir, I wasn't hinting for a swig at your flask. I shouldn't presume on so short an acquaintance. But if you insist, well, there—*I* don't want you to say, as has been said on other occasions when I've refused drinks under similar circumstances, that, as a yeoman, I feel it beneath me to accept a tot from an infantry man. Rather on the contrary."

The flask was also on the contrary for a prolonged space.

The youthful sergeant of infantry, whose possession it was, assumed very creditably on his face an expression that said his loss in gin-and-soda was amply made up in his joy at slaking the thirst of a veteran.

"Don't know why it is they treat me so powerful badly," Sergeant Maple said, trying to get further into the small space of shade afforded by the hedgerow. "Now, I've been here a good ten minutes, and I'm by far the senior man in this here crew. Have they any respect for old institutions? Why, no more than the Gov'ment what's changed our name, our uniform, and our pay, times an' times again (finally givin' the silly old Horse Artillery precedence over us).

"No, these stricken Haldanes sit and see the old soldier swelter in the broilin' sun till his back is lobstered through his khaki, an' the whole of his body is like the after-takin' of a Turkish bath, an' 'is complexion, deficient as any maiden o' sweet seventeen's, is comin' off in stripes. It's barely decent treatment. But not one of 'em gets up an' budgin', you will note. Not one of 'em suggests an 'Sergeant, you've done 'ell and all for the regiment in your time. Have my little bit of shade. I insists on it.'

"No, young man, you're really entirely mistakin', if you think my remarks are meant for you or any of your friends. Besides, kind as your offer is, it would be unfair for me to take advantage of it, as, well, I don't get things an' seatin' accommodation for me 'as to be made doubly the regulation limit by War Office order. Nothin' short of a Quartermaster's chair ever fits me . . .

"That's decent of you, as well, sir. But to displace two of ye, now——

"Well, as you all say there *is* a bit of shade further down the road—so thanks very much and good afternoon. When you're all veterans may you ——"

But the infantry men had already strolled out of earshot.

"May you have more sense," he concluded, winking at his brother, or rather filial, non-coms. "That's one on the old man, ain't it, boys? Here, Tibbs, just cut along to my beast and get the Thermos flask you'll find strapped to the saddle. There's a pint of lovely iced Rudesheimer there—a nice swig all round. This, boys"—he settled luxuriously back into the shade and filled his briar from the one remaining pipeful left in his pouch—"is a little triumph for your poor old Sergeant. Last dust of 'baccy preserved, the edge taken off my thirst, so that the wine'll go round and the shade position successfully enfiladed.

"Moreover, I'll say for you young fellers that you've got a tidy notion of combinin' . . . It's what I call strategy, and—thanks, Tibbs—here's lookin' at ye, one and all!

TO THOSE WHO READ IN BED.

How many times have you dropped off to sleep leaving the candle burning? Then a few hours later you have awakened with a start of alarm and found a foot inch flame and grease fumes rising from the candlestick.

To prevent this, it is always advisable to see that the candle is fastened in the socket of the candlestick without a padding of paper.

Get a candlestick of a size that will hold a candle without the aid of paper. Then you are practically safe. The candle will burn down into the metal china socket and extinguish itself without a conflagration.

Be sure you always place your candle far enough from the bedside to prevent its being overturned by the bedclothes or by your arms as you turn in your sleep.

The Way of Men

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By G. E. WOOD.

In spite of what his wife had so frequently said about the discontent of their son, he had hitherto refused to regard the matter as one that would be bettered by his interference.

That the boy was unhappy and restless it was plain to see.

Indeed, he had greater opportunities than his wife of witnessing it, inasmuch as he was in daily contact with him at business as well as at home (for the boy was destined eventually to succeed his father as head of the manufactory), and his discharge of his work of late had been far from a high level of excellence.

But to this shortcoming he had closed his eyes, believing it would be only temporary.

The boy, he decided, was in the transition stage, that trying period between youth and manhood which in his memory of his own experience stood out as a dismal void.

It would pass, and the boy's outlook would become clear-sighted again, just as his earlier merry spirits would inevitably return.

Nevertheless, when his son came to him and himself broached the subject of his dissatisfaction, he willingly listened, masking the intense disappointment which the import of the words conveyed.

In brief, the son was convinced that he was not cut out for an office life.

He desired a freer and more open-air existence.

He thought—and had, in fact, decided—that farming in Rhodesia would suit him down to the ground.

"You are sure," said his father shrewdly, "that you are not making this choice out of a mistaken notion that your life is going to be easier for you? You may have a harder time, you know, but you'll have to work a deuced sight harder."

The youth disclaimed the suggestion that the motive at the back of his mind was idleness.

He also announced with the optimism of inexperience his readiness to undergo any amount of hardship and privation so long as he was allowed to have his own way.

"Very well," said his father.

"I know a chap," continued the son, "whose uncle's got a farm out there. And he says he'd take me on for a term down of two hundred pounds, and teach me all there is to learn, and provide me with a mount, and——"

The father heard him out, displaying an admirably genial interest.

"Right you are!" he said cheerfully. "You shall go out some night, and we'll get from him all the particulars, and write to the uncle that he speaks of."

So it was arranged, the father himself persuading the mother that it would be selfish to stand in the way of their boy's ambition.

Of his own personal loss and the frustration of many long-cherished plans he said nothing—as is the fashion of men.

He did not even confess to himself that there would be a void of account to live for once the boy—his only son—had severed his companionship with home and had ventured forth into the world—that unfriendly world which might so readily and ruthlessly might mar him.

Instead, he busied himself with making all smooth for the change, and a couple of days before the sailing date he said to the boy:

"Now, old chap, for to-morrow, your final night, we're going to have a jolly old time together. Just you and myself. I've asked your mother, but she says she won't come; she's afraid she wouldn't enjoy herself. Just like a woman!"

He sketched out the programme—dinner, the Empire, supper, wines; reminiscence in his eye gave hint of possible improvements.

He failed to perceive that the son had been evincing slight discomfort.

"Sorry, dad," said the latter. I — er — have already made arrangements. Spending the evening with Stan, and e r— a — few others. Wish I'd known before. Might have got out of it."

"Ah, yes," said his father, turning to the sideboard to squirt some soda from the syphon into his glass.

He was smiling as he faced round.

"Couldn't do with an old buffer like me joining you, I suppose?" he said.

"Well, you see, there are some you won't know—I mean——"

"Girls, you young dog?"

"Er—yes."

"All right. Only an idea of mine."

The father raised his glass to the light, and the smile on his face had not altered a scrap.

"Simply a fugitive idea I had," he said again. "Thought you might like it. Here's good health, lad. I hope you'll enjoy yourself."

* * * * *

He stood thoughtfully for a few moments after his son had left him.

"Now, what I want to know is," he said, "was I so damnably selfish at his age?"

He mixed himself a stiff drink.

"Ah, well," he said. . . .

GOLF CLUBS AND THE REGISTER.

Golf clubs, if habitually used as clubs, or if intoxicating liquor is sold on the premises, must be registered under the Licensing Acts.

Any person supplying or authorising the supply or sale of liquor to an unregistered club is liable to a fine of £50, plus one month's hard labour, while every member of a club in which liquor is improperly sold is liable to a fine of £5, unless he can prove that he knew nothing about the affair.

A golf club may be struck off the Register for a variety of reasons. Here are a few of them:

That the number of members has fallen below 25.

That persons are habitually admitted as members without an interval of at least 48 hours between nomination and admission as members.

That there is frequent drunkenness on the premises.

That persons not members are habitually admitted solely for the purpose of obtaining intoxicating liqour.

PAPERCHASE HARES.

It is rather a good plan to have one paperchase hare considerably faster and stronger than the other. He can then lay the "falses" (false trails) while his companion takes an "easy."

If the hares are about equal in powers, then they take it in turns to lay the "falses."

Cross roads are, of course, an excellent place for deception, and an often successful manœuvre is to make the real trail very conspicuous, the "false" the reverse.

The hounds are apt then to conclude that the heavy trail is meant to mislead them and go careering along the "false."

Another good dodge is to lay a "false" up and over rising ground, more especially if it is ploughed on the lower slopes. The hounds must follow the trail over the brow of the hill, and this means loss of wind and time.

Never when returning from a paperchase walk more than a few yards at a time. If possible keep up a steady jog-trot until you are safely home.

This will prevent your catching a chill.

BETWEEN SUMMER AND AUTUMN

THE EARLY RISER'S OPPORTUNITY THIS WEEK.

It would be foolish to ask, and impossible to answer, such a question as: Which time of the year is the most beautiful? Every time of every year is beautiful to a man with the capacity for seeing natural beauty.

Nevertheless, there are periods when one may gain almost an entirely new view of nature if one will take a little trouble, and leave the beaten track of one's ordinary time-table of living.

And just at this time of the year, from early to mid-September, there is a period of extreme interest for all who find pleasure in watching the seasons and the changes always in progress.

This time is from dawn to sunrise on any morning in the period named.

There are many features that mark this time off clearly from summer's height a month ago, or from autumn's opening, a month hence. It is a time between these two when it is hard to say which season predominates.

CRISP MORNING AIR.

Morning soon comes round, even now, though the length of the day has been much curtailed already. After a sweltering day and a breathless night, the very early morning suddenly becomes cool and even cold. Not yet has frost whitened the lawn-grass or covered the hedges with silver; but a heavy dew and a white mist have done almost as much.

Leaning from your bedroom window you inhale the inexpressibly delicious air just tinged with a suspicion of leafy decay, though scarcely a leaf has fallen as yet. Along the high hedge, where hazel predominates, there are signs of yellow amid the nuts, but still it is summer.

The cold, clean air moves gently through the house like a shower bath, and one's first impulse is to get back between the sheets and sleep again till breakfast time.

BIRDS ON THE LAWN.

But a little longer at a window, and sleep no more entices one. The bed is cold, and, to tell the truth, the novelty, the wonder, and the enjoyment of this new aspect of morning attracts, and you dress as quickly as possible, every now and then stopping to lean far out of the window and watch all that is going on.

It is extraordinary what a variety of active creatures one may see even on a patch of closely-cropped grass not much larger than a tennis-court.

From grey dawn the large, shallow tray of water put down for thirsty birds during the midday heat, is quite a swimming bath. The edges are crowded with all the commoner birds, and each takes its turn for a splash and a drink, and then away to the trees.

Unused to human beings appearing at this time of day, the birds hardly know what to make of a quiet and lightly-moving stranger. They certainly have not the fear of man that they will show two hours later.

MOLES AND RABBITS.

It is nearly five o'clock now, and there is life everywhere. Some of it is unwelcome, for at the corner of the lawn where a fence just divides the "desert from the sown" there is a mole working down into a smooth spread of turf. He hears you coming, and is back into the tangle of the desert in good time, Otherwise his life had been forfeit.

All you can do is to fill up the clean, round holes he has made in your turf, and mutter threats of vengeance.

On the dusty road the rabbits are still in possession. They heed none of your movements, fearing nothing as yet. From experience, they know that guns and dogs never leave your cottage at this hour. Only when the watchman from the big house returns home with his dog—the terror of the neighbourhood, and never let off a thick strap—do the rabbits leisurely retire into the tangle of brambles, nettles, and grass that give all necessary cover.

The sun is now tipping the highest oak trees, and a greater light suggests full day. Still, the countryside is silent for the most part from human labour.

Across the road the pheasants are crowing in the woods. There is not yet the almost startled note in the cry that is heard when the trees are bare and the woods hollow. There is no note of warning so far.

When the sun rises in a sky like dazzling brass, and strikes across the fields, the white mists vanish most strangely. Their going is like the drawing of white curtains; long fields appear, and trees, till then hidden, stand out clear and distinct. The thin, white film of the nearly frosty dew changes now to little drops, sparkling like jewels; and before many minutes the grasshopper sets his hind-leg machinery going in a monotonous racket.

The wind strengthens, and light clouds float across the brilliant sky, running over the face of the moon fast declining to the west as the sun chases upward from the east.

Full day in all its glory has now spread over the earth, and the spell of the dawn has gone. Men pass to their work, and an early cart rumbles by. The wild creatures have gone to safer retreats.

Returning to the house, the early riser finds the doors thrown open, and sounds of activity, and with such patience as he has he waits for the summons to breakfast.

C. EASTON-GREY.

LONDON CAMEOS.

I.—A RESCUE.

Passing under the bridge which spans the Serpentine was a boat with two noisy youths in it, the one making attempts to row, the other no more successful at steering.

It was in the morning, when there are usually but few hired boats about.

The combined efforts of the two amateurs had resulted in the boat being driven too near to one of the pillars, so that the left oar was scraping along the brickwork and in danger of being broken.

The boat gradually slowed down until it came practically to a stop. The youths indulged in good-natured abuse.

"Get it out of the rowlock first, you idiot——"

"Well, it was your fault——"

"Steady on! Shove it against the bricks——"

The youth with the oar stood up, the better to obey the behest.

Just then a passer-by halted and viciously exclaimed to the universe, "It's blithering idiots like them——"

Certainly the boat was rocking alarmingly. The youth with the oar grew impatient and flung it down, then suddenly leaned forward and pushed against the pillar with both hands.

The boat slid abruptly from under him. With a wild effort at recovery and a startled shout he toppled head first into the water like a diver.

His friend would have followed him had not the man on terra firma yelled out, "Sit down, you fool! Sit down!"

He went on addressing the universe at the same time as watching the water. "It's a thousand to one the——can't swim!"

Then he took off his coat and, not bothering to discard anything else, waded in, cursing to himself. He had to swim for some yards.

Then ensued a struggle, and at last he reappeared, pushing something laboriously before him to the side.

The youth remaining in the boat was a fascinated onlooker, helpless and sick-faced. A few excited persons had gathered on the shore.

The rescuer dragged out his dripping captive.

Then—

Instead of lending an attentive ear to his spluttering but no doubt heartfelt thanks, he took him by the collar with his left hand and with energy made use of his right fist. Only once, but very severely.

"D'you know," he stormed, "that I've got over a mile to go before I can get home and get changed?" G. M.

THE MYSTERY OF CLINTON LODGE

A DETECTIVE STORY.

By E. G. PAIKES.

The card which was brought in to me bore the inscription: "Mrs. Steinberg, Clinton Lodge, Hampstead, N.W."

Although the name was German, the lady proved to be a typical Englishwoman, of middle age. She was dressed in deep black, and was evidently much distressed.

Her story, in brief, was to the effect that her husband had been found shot in his arm-chair, and that her son had been accused of the murder, and was now in the custody of the police.

Fortunately, she had come to me at the earliest opportunity, for it greatly lessens the difficulties of a detective's work if he has a chance of examining matters soon after the committal of the crime.

Her car was waiting outside, and, leaving my breakfast unfinished, I accompanied her to Clinton Lodge, which proved to be one of the old mansions which had been erected on the borders of Hampstead Heath when that part of Middlesex might be described as rural, and before it was over-popularised by easy transit.

The body had been removed, but Mr. Steinberg's study, in which the crime had taken place, was, she assured me, exactly as it had been when she entered it earlier in the morning, summoned hurriedly by the maid-servant who had first discovered what had happened.

The police had already secured the keys of the murdered man's writing-desk, which now lay open with much correspondence scattered upon it.

On one side lay a sheet of foolscap paper divided into two columns. Both were filled with German words, and it appeared to be a code, such as business men frequently use in correspondence with foreign firms, particularly when their communications are telegraphic. Apparently the police had considered it not worth confiscating, and, with Mrs. Steinberg's permission, I put it in my pocket.

While I was making my examination of the room, my client favoured me with further particulars. It appeared that the murdered man had been shot with a revolver which had lain on his desk, and which had been put to no better use than a paper-weight.

This revolver had been found in the morning lying upon a silver salver on a side table. It was obvious that the murderer had no desire to conceal the weapon or to take it away with him.

I examined the salver, but that told me nothing. The weapon had been appropriated by the police.

I next cross-examined the various servants, and asked each of them whether he or she had heard the sound of a shot during the night. One of the housemaids admitted that she had heard a report just before she went to bed, but she supposed that it came from the revolver range that had been fitted up in the back garden of a neighbouring house, which had now been taken as headquarters by an athletic club.

"I believed," she said, "that it was too faint to have been fired nearer than that, so I got into bed, and thought no more about it."

From another servant I learned that Charles Steinberg, the son, had frequently had disputes with his father as to money matters, and that she had, in fact, heard high words between them on the previous evening. It was on her evidence that the police had arrested the son on suspicion.

At the police-station I was permitted to see the prisoner, and introduced myself to him. There was nothing about him to suggest his German paternity, for, as he explained to me, his father had had him carefully educated in the English way.

He protested his innocence most strongly, and said that the disputes which he had had with his father were due to the latter's niggardliness in stinting him of money after putting him into a false social position.

The inspector in charge permitted me to see the revolver, and I then concluded that part of my inquiries by getting through the gruesome task of examining the body.

I returned to my rooms, and spent half-an-hour in deciphering the code which I had found upon the dead man's desk. My knowledge of German was slight, but the dictionary made things plain, and it became clear that the late Mr. Steinberg must, in the course of his business, have been a dealer in very strange commodities, if this code meant anything at all.

The afternoon was spent in visiting every gunsmith of importance in London. To many of them I was well known, and they gave me all the assistance that lay in their power.

It was after six o'clock when at last I discovered what I desired, and forthwith I betook myself to the police-station in which young Steinberg was confined.

"Have you found the murderer?" he asked, excitedly.

"Not yet," I replied, "but I may do so if you will cudgel your memory. Had your father any business dealings with a German named Geisler?"

"I don't know that you would call them business dealings," he said, "for I've never known Geisler transact business at the office, but he used to come occasionally and take my father out to lunch. I think they had known one another in Germany, and it was more a matter of friendship than business. I never had any idea as to Geisler's trade, but he seemed to have plenty of money."

He then favoured me, at my request, with a description of Geisler's personal appearance. When he had finished I rewarded him for his trouble by promising that before midnight he would be released.

I was able to fulfil that promise. It is one matter to convince the police that they have made a mistake, but if they have a man on suspicion they are not likely to let him go unless you can find for them the actual murderer, and shortly before the theatres disgorged their audiences that evening, he was quietly hustled out of a house in Soho into a cab, and driven to Bow Street. Another taxi took an inspector and myself to the station in which young Steinberg was a prisoner, and before twelve struck he was a free man again.

* * * * * * *

And this is how it was done.

The quarrel which the servant had reported Charles Steinberg to have had with his father might or might not have led to a fatal result; but if it had, it was scarcely likely that the guilty son would have laid the revolver in such a prominent place as the silver salver on the side table.

The second point was the wording of the code. Without the aid of a German dictionary I had not been able to decipher much of it, but it showed at least that the late Mr. Steinberg had been in the habit of using in his correspondence equivalents for such words as mines, torpedoes, battleships, fortresses, and other things that did not strike me as appertaining to the ordinary business of a city merchant. My dictionary showed the list to go even more intricately into matters of national defence.

The third point was that no one, except the housemaid, had heard the shot, and she heard it so faintly that she thought it came from a neighbouring house.

When I examined the revolver with which the crime was supposed to have been committed, I found that there were four cartridges in it, but in the fifth chamber there was nothing, not even an empty cartridge case.

Why should the murderer have taken the trouble to extract it if he had indeed used the weapon at all?

I was convinced further that the weapon had not been used, for it was of the old-fashioned noisy type that would have aroused the whole household.

The cleanness of the wound in the body indicated a bullet of a much higher velocity than could have come from an ordinary revolver, and from the type of the wound, and the little sound that had accompanied the shot, I decided that the deed had been done by one of the new automatic pistols, which at that time had only just come into prominence.

My inquiries at the gunsmiths' shops as to the recent purchasers of automatic pistols brought me a comparatively small list of names, for few of them had then been sold. Of these names, only one was German—namely,

Geisler. The description given by the gunsmith tallied with that given by young Steinberg.

There was still room for doubt, but the evidence which I had collected was sufficiently strong to persuade the police to arrest Geisler on suspicion, and a search of his rooms confirmed my theory, for there was ample correspondence between him and Steinberg and between him and another person resident in Berlin. One letter from the last-named source warned Geisler that Steinberg must be killed at any cost.

When, eventually, Steinberg's papers were fully examined, the whole matter became plain. He had been employed to obtain certain English naval secrets, and he had sold them to Geisler, who acted as a sort of go-between, the person in Berlin keeping carefully in the background so far as Steinberg was concerned.

Then had come the time when Steinberg had decided to drop the game. Whether this decision was arrived at because it was too dangerous, or whether it was because he genuinely desired to drop all his German connections and adopt England as his country, for he was already nominally a naturalised citizen, I do not know; but undoubtedly the decision was made, for we discovered amongst his papers a letter from a high official of the Admiralty, obviously written in reply to one in which Steinberg must have expressed his readiness to give a full and complete list of all the facts which he had disclosed to Geisler and the latter's employer.

Apparently the other side had got wind of his intentions.

If he had been permitted an opportunity of confessing the details of what he had communicated, the work of years, so far as his employers were concerned, would be undone, for so long as the Admiralty did not know how much had been divulged, just so long would these secrets be of any value.

That Steinberg's lips should be permanently sealed had been decided upon, and Geisler, having done the work, had clumsily put the old revolver in a prominent place in order to draw suspicion to another quarter, which, as I have shown, he partially succeeded in doing.

The political side of the case never came to the notice of the public, for, although Geisler met the due punishment of his crime, its purpose was not disclosed, owing to a request from those in high authority.

As espionage is now, however, openly discussed in the Press and in the courts, there can be no harm in my having related the foregoing events.

PRESERVING WALKING-STICKS.

Many walking-sticks are heavily varnished. When this cracks, the fibre of the wood is liable to split and to project in tiny splinters from the surface.

A little olive oil or vaseline, or any good oil or grease well rubbed into the stick occasionally, helps to preserve it.

See that it is thoroughly well rubbed in and dried, and that the stick is well polished afterwards. Otherwise your gloves will be spoiled.

BOXING CENTRES.

WHERE OUR CRACK FIGHTERS COME FROM.

At one time—indeed, up to within quite recent years—the great seat of British boxing was London, and the most prolific localities of the metropolis were the East-End and the South-East areas.

At one time the old "Feathers" in the Waterloo Road, an interesting house with entrances on two levels (one just by the bridge and the other close to the river bank), used to be the resort of London's finest boxers.

Nowadays, however, the capital has fallen sadly behind the provinces in the matter of producing pugilists of the first-class. It can, of course, claim the heavy-weight English champion in Bombardier Wells; but there it may be said to stop short.

Freddie Welsh is Welsh both in name and nationality, and Cardiff is responsible for Jim Driscoll. Wales is prolific in boxing talent, Young Josephs being another of her sons.

Owen Moran hails from Birmingham, while Jim Lewis, the clever light-weight, is a Liverpool man.

Young Walker, who looks like holding the bantam championship some day, is a Manchester man.

Strangely enough, Ireland, once very formidable as a boxing country, has few great fighters now, and the same can be said of the Land of Cakes.

MY NOTEBOOK.

THE NEW FORM. The paper in its new form is now in your hands, and I trust that the step I have taken meets with your entire approval.

It will enable us to produce the paper much more quickly, and we are now able to answer in our "Brief Replies" column on a Monday morning all letters which have reached us up to the first post on the preceding Wednesday.

I think you will find the new style of paper to be far more convenient, and, as I said before, it is now entirely removed from any similarity with those weekly periodicals which it previously resembled, not in matter but in shape.

BASHFULNESS. The following is an extract from the letter of a young railway porter, who is a member of the League.

I am not betraying any confidences because I am not disclosing his name, or even indicating the line upon which he works.

"I was interested," he writes, "in the part of a letter you printed in the 'Notebook' a little while back about a chap who was shy so far as ladies were concerned. So was I when I first took on this station. To have to go up to ladies on the platform and ask them for their tickets, and tell them where to change, made me shake. More so when they had to open their bag to find their purse, and then open their purse to find their ticket, saying all the time what a bother it was."

From the tense of the verb in his second sentence, I gather that his shyness has now disappeared. I cannot help thinking that there is something pleasing about shyness in a very young man, for it seems so youthful and so innocent.

A SPORTING OFFER. I have received the following letter from Mr. W. Neal, jun., Hon. Sec. of the Coventry branch of that well-known running club, "The Smallheath Harriers."

"Should you receive any inquiries from readers in this district who wish to take up cross-country running during the coming season," he writes, "I shall be much obliged if you will refer them to me.

"I should be only too pleased to arrange with any beginners for a spin on our own, for, as no doubt you know, a good many men dislike making a start amongst a number."

Mr. Neal's address is Oxford House, Allesley Old Road, Coventry, and any reader in the district who desires to take up cross-country running should avail himself of the offer.

A TERRITORIAL COMPLAINT "I am a driver in the Army Service Corps, 1st West Riding Brigade," writes a Leeds correspondent.

"We have been for a fourteen days' camp at Marske, and while there I saw something which astonished me—namely, pack drill for the poor bounders in the Leeds Rifles.

"You printed an article stating that pack drill has been abolished in the Regulars, but I have seen it, not once, but many a time in the Territorials.

"The offence of one of the defaulters was that he failed to report himself sick and was absent from morning parade. Two hours a night for three nights was the punishment he got.

"There was a lot of bad blood aroused in camp over this, which did not encourage recruiting, I am sure.

It is, more than anything else, such petty tyrannies that are responsible, not only for the lack of new recruits, but for the resignation of men who would otherwise have remained in the Force, and I shall not be convinced that conscription is inevitable until the Territorial Force has been given a fair trial—that is to say, until the conditions of service have been made more suitable for men who earn their livings by civilian work.

In many regiments—I trust in the majority—the conditions of service are ideal, but it ought to be the same all round. I trust that the case of the Leeds Rifles is very exceptional.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

BRITAIN'S BEST BOXER

A CHAT WITH, AND AN APPRECIATION OF, BOMBARDIER BILLY WELLS

Bombardier "Billy" Wells.

"Time!"

It was Mr. Eugene Corri's voice that could be heard, as he sat among a gathering of sportsmen, pressmen, and others who surrounded a hastily improvised ring at the Olympia Hall, Earl's Court.

The occasion was memorable by reason of its being the first day of Bombardier Billy Wells's actual hard training for his great fight with Jack Johnson in the same place on October 26th. Mr. Corri's idea of the most suitable day's work was to spar an interesting bout, to give the British public a taste of his recent improvement. He could not have chosen better, for his form was excellent; and there was more than one expert critic who had come maintaining that Wells had no chance, but who went away admitting that the young soldier is one of the best of living boxers, and is sure to render a good account of himself that will not make either his friends or his countrymen ashamed of him.

A CLEVER FIGHTING MAN.

Wells's style of fighting—clean and forcible—is a thing of delight to the sportsman who is wearied of the eternal clinching which takes up about three-quarters of the time of almost every contest nowadays. In his hitting, his footwork, and his defence, Wells is undoubtedly the foremost figure in British pugilism; indeed, he presents a striking resemblance in method to the late Jem Mace.

It is a strange combination of modesty and quiet confidence is Bombardier Billy Wells; and when I saw him after his bout (in the last round of which he had sent his opponent to the floor with a body blow so quick as was almost invisible), I found him not at all disposed to talk about himself.

"Come, Wells," I suggested, "you seem to have been pitted to an immature youth with nothing but a hopeless chance against a skilful black Hercules of rock-like strength. What do *you* think about it?"

"Well, I feel sure I've got a good chance," he said, "and, what's more, so do some of the best judges, too.

THE CORBETT-JACKSON FIGHT.

"There is an interesting comparison which reflects very much on my fight with Johnson. It is afforded by the historic fight between James J. Corbett and the great black fighting man, Peter Jackson.

"Naturally," said Wells, "I can't remember the fight, because it took place twenty years ago, when I was only a few years old, but I have had it described to me by an eye-witness.

"When the match was made the betting was 10 to 1 against young Corbett (who was then just the age I am now), and his audacity—nay, supposed madness—in matching so great a boxer as Peter Jackson excited just the same derision as my fight with Johnson is meeting in certain quarters.

"Their first of all fights under the California Athletic Club's auspices were fought to a finish, and this Corbett, who on points was winning all the way, was robbed of victory. The fight was declared a draw after going sixty-one rounds (think of it!), as the men were too exhausted to go on! But Corbett was the winner all along.

JACKSON AND WELLS COMPARED.

"Now," proceeded Billy Wells, modestly, "consider the points of similarity.

"Corbett had then had less ring-fights than I have had. He was of the same rather highly-strung temperament. Jackson had beaten the best fighters of both continents, and was considered to be the greatest fighter that had ever been born—of such supreme strength and skill, indeed, that the great John L. Sullivan could not be induced to meet him.

"At the same time he was on the right side of thirty, living the healthiest possible life, and was undoubtedly a greater man than Johnson, who is well over thirty, and inclined to take things easy."

"But," I continued remorselessly, "do you put yourself in the same class with Corbett?"

"Listen," said Billy quietly. "What I say is that I think I've got a better chance with Johnson than Jim Corbett had with Peter Jackson. I may not be able to box as well as 'Jas. J.'; but Johnson isn't a Peter Jackson in that department, either. And" (a modest smile here) "I've been told I can hit much harder than Corbett ever did; whereas Johnson cannot hit nearly as hard as Jackson. So doesn't it look rather as though I had a chance?"

"One more question," said I, "before I close my notebook." (A happy consummation at which the big youngster's eyes sparkled, for being interviewed is evidently not his favourite pastime.) "It has been suggested in more than one quarter," I proceeded, "that on physiological grounds a white man ought not to fight a black in the ring."

NO PREJUDICE AGAINST NEGROES.

Bombardier Wells's eyes opened inquiringly. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Well, some people have an idea, haven't they, that a negro is hardly a human being, that he partakes, indeed, more of the nature of a brute, a sort of big, black gorilla, than a man. The people who maintain this also assert that a white man (essentially a civilised human being) ought not to fight a black man. What is your opinion of it?"

England's biggest and best boxer laughed openly and unrestrainedly.

"Why, I think it's the biggest nonsense I ever heard!" he declared. "Although I can't claim any lengthy personal acquaintance with Johnson, I know him—as do most people—to be a man in the best sense of the word—a man whom any other man, white or black, might be proud to fight. I know he'll fight me cleanly and fairly, just as I shall fight him; and, finally, I've a strong idea that when the great event comes off I shall put it across him!"

F. CARRINGTON.

PUTNEY TO MORTLAKE.

FACTS ABOUT THE BARRY-FOGWELL COURSE.

The time-honoured course between Putney Bridge and the "Ship" at Mortlake, the scene of so many historic University Boatraces, owes its popularity, doubtless, to the fact that it is one of the most difficult and sporting tracts of water in the kingdom.

This is demonstrated by the fact that before a full course trial of a 'Varsity crew the cox always goes over the course in a launch to study the vagaries of tide, wind at the bends, and so on.

It has been held by many experts that the crew, or (as we are thinking chiefly just now of the great match soon to be decided between Ernest Barry and Fogwell, the New Zealander) the sculler who gets a length or more ahead at Hammersmith Bridge, about the two and a quarter miles distance, is an odds-on favourite.

This is because Hammersmith Bridge, just before you get to the "Doves," is the best spot for forging ahead and bagging your adversary's water, also giving him, at the same time, the wash from your blades.

It is this that is supposed to have demoralised Albany when he sculled Barry over the course some months ago, for the English champion, who knows that stretch of water so well, hastened to take advantage of the point in question.

Chiswick Eyot is another ticklish place, especially to the single sculler, who has to steer himself. An eight relies upon its cox to deal with tides, the wind, and so on; but the sculler dreads the Eyot because the tide swirling into two channels just there makes the water tremendously lumpy.

By the way, it was here, in reality, that Barry won the race with Albany, for the former's finished watermanship gained him lengths where Albany, stronger man though he was, experienced all manner of tribulations with the tide.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by our
PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

SCIENTIFIC EXERCISE VERSUS DRUGS.

I do not think there is any use for drugs of any kind, save those which are employed to bring about states of local or general anæsthesia. For the purpose of relieving pain, or of performing operations which are necessitated by accidents, or for the extirpation of some malignant internal growth, drugs are highly necessary; but I wish you to comprehend in the general term "drugs" the thousand and one concoctions which people are prone to thrust down their throats on the least intimation that all is not well internally.

There may be many arguments brought forward in support of medicinal treatment, and it is undeniable that the many fevers and malignant diseases that result from the overcrowding in great cities do yield to the intervention of drugs; but by far the greater proportion of the treatment of diseases to-day consists in the observation of scrupulous cleanliness and a close attention to dieting and exercise.

THE NEED OF CLEANLINESS.

All these diseases, whether small-pox, typhoid fever, diphtheria, or consumption, are the outcome of uncleanliness. Whether it be a fever contracted in the swamps of India or Africa, or in the slums of London, the cause is the same.

Now must we go to the fountain head. What else is it than our will that we exert to bring about any special end? Do we not work night and day to achieve something in business or pleasure, and waste precious years often in futile efforts? Then why not give a little of that will-power towards controlling our bodies and bringing them into a state of health? That will not be like pursuing a phantom, but will give us an asset which will never fail us in our most strenuous need.

This power, though the very essence of our being, as far as we can at present see, becomes jaded and weary, and unable to be of assistance to us farther than in its action upon the involuntary muscles, as those of the respiratory organs and heart.

Upon such occasions we usually resort to drugs for relief, which is often no more than a phantasm, because drugs seldom remove the cause of distress, and merely act, as it were, as oil upon an already overworked engine, merely postponing the inevitable result, which is premature decay.

FOLLOWING A REGULAR SYSTEM.

Hard and fast rules cannot be formulated to suit men. The individual must use his own discretion. He must map out a regular system of exercise and hygiene, and then use his will-power, and follow the routine regularly and systematically. The man must fit his engine to withstand the work of his profession without strain. Constant strain tends to weaken and destroy.

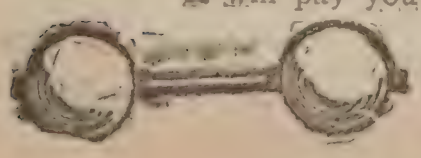
If your profession be unhealthy, you must provide an antidote like our correspondent of last week, who, although working in a bad atmosphere and in a distasteful environment for many hours daily, kept himself fit with fresh air and correct exercise.

A good general outline to follow is regular hours of sleep, suitable diet, and exercise, with the necessary baths.

For a sedentary worker, exercise that takes him out into the air should be indulged in; but an outdoor worker will get sufficient fresh air to enable him to take up gymnasium sports, such as bar work, fencing, wrestling, and weight-lifting, without the danger of getting stale.

If it is impracticable to go in for such exercise, then take up muscle-control, with conservation of energy for future use, as already explained in a previous article.

It will pay you to keep fit.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. W. (Glasgow).—Judicious exercise and plenty of fresh air will probably put you right. Your trouble appears to be an affection of the nerves. If you can knock off work for a while and manage to arrange a short holiday it will do you good.

"READER" (West Hartlepool).—You do not give me sufficient details as to your mode of living for me to form an exact opinion; but dry joints are generally due to lack of exercise and a wrong method of diet.

J. M. (Ruabon).—Indigestion is frequently caused by eating too much. Try the experiment of eating considerably less. You will then be hungry for your next meal, and there will be plenty of gastric juice to assist in its digestion. Take plenty of exercise, of course.

H. V. W. (Liverpool).—There is no reason why you should not go in for cycling as well as cross-country running. The stiffness in the calves of which you complain is due to great and prolonged strain being put upon muscles that are out of training. Rub a good embrocation into the calves of your legs on finishing exercise, and massage thoroughly.

"HEALTH" (Stapleford).—Your weight is not very much below the standard for your height. Do not diet yourself, for at your age you will fill out and gain weight very considerably. Exercise and fresh air will help you to obtain full advantage of your food, and plenty of sleep is also an important factor in gaining weight.

L. W. (Canning Town).—Exercises for round shoulders have already appeared on this page. I shall be giving some new ones shortly.

W. E. L. (Newcastle).—Do not try in any way to retard free perspiration. As you work in a close shop with the fumes of metal constantly about you, it is probably your free perspiration that removes from your system the poisons you absorb, and thus keeps you healthy.

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Physical Culture Specialist
(Dept. M2), **18, Cheltenham Avenue, LIVERPOOL.**

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Thought Force

"O, well for him whose will is strong."
—*Tennyson.*

The interested reader may wonder what **"Thought Force"** has to do with physical culture. It has everything to do with, not only physical culture, but a moment's reflection shows that thought governs the world.

There is nothing that I have railed against more persistently than the slack, unintelligent method of exercising too often adopted by the physical culturist. He fails to exercise **"Thought Force"** and then wonders why results are nil.

For years professors of physical culture were in the habit of saying "Use your will power," but they went no farther than this, and whilst the idea was undoubtedly right, detailed instructions as to the manner in which this should be done were not provided.

It was left to me to publish my book explaining this subject, **"Psycho-Physical Culture,"** and in my famous booklet, "Health at Home," there are many pages devoted to the important subjects of "Psycho-Physical Culture," "Relation of Mind and Body," "The Invisible Force," and "Power of Concentration."

I will take second place to no man in connection with the amount of thought that has been [illegible] in perfecting my different systems of physical culture, nor in **personally** applying **"Thought Force."**

It is an open secret that it has been my determined application of concentrated energy which has brought me to my present position both physically, athletically, and financially.

From the above it will be seen that the Inch System of physical training, embodying as it does treatment from every point of view, is undoubtedly the best.

My pupils are apt to notice mental improvement as well as physical. The extreme value of personality in connection with one's career will be immediately recognised. **"Thought Force,"** as taught by the Inch System, helps develop personality!

Besides improving your physique out of all knowledge, besides eradicating any physical defect or ailment you may suffer from, I will develop your powers of concentration, your determination (your will power). You will become self-reliant, your character improve, you will gain confidence and

STOP WORRYING.

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All the above my system has done for me.

Write now for my free book, **"HEALTH AT HOME."** It will tell you all about it. Mailed free and post free with terms for my course, which are extremely moderate. Instalments arranged where required.

THOMAS INCH,

Physical Culture Expert (Dept. M.M.),
Minster House, 676 & 676a, Fulham Road,
Fulham, LONDON, S.W.

"To him who wills naught is impossible."—*Varrino.*

MANAGING A MOTOR-CYCLE

AT THIS SEASON OF THE YEAR GOOD SECOND-HAND MACHINES ARE VERY CHEAP.

For £30, or even less, you can buy a reliable motor-cycle of 3½-h.p., which will carry you wherever you wish. A second-hand machine, in good condition, can be bought for much less.

Before buying a motor-cycle, you should make yourself acquainted with the principle on which it works. This can be done by studying a good handbook on motors, which will give diagrams of the various parts of the machinery.

Such a handbook will also give you useful general tips, but you will not find them so serviceable as the instructions which the manufacturers send out with their machines, for each type of machine has its own special requirements even in such apparently small matters as the kind of oil that shall be used for lubricating.

To buy your machine through a local dealer is the best plan, for you can get him to explain the various parts and how they work. If you have to acquire this knowledge from books alone, you are liable to have considerable trouble.

PREPARATIONS.

Before taking your machine home, you should see that you have a properly constructed shed in which to store it, and there should be a bench at the side on which you can keep your tools and do necessary repairs.

The shed ought to be lit with electric light, to avoid the risk of fire. If your house has no supply of electric current a small lamp and an accumulator will meet your requirements.

When you get the machine home, you should make yourself thoroughly conversant with every part of it, and particularly with the levers controlling it.

Then you should remove the belt, and take the machine out for a trial spin, using it merely as a push-bike. This will accustom you to the steering of the motor-cycle, for its balance and feel is different from that of an ordinary bicycle, and it is necessary for you to get accustomed to this before you put the engine into action.

Having acquired a knowledge of your machine, and having accustomed yourself to its balance, you may safely set out on your first real motor-cycling expedition.

NURSING YOUR MACHINE.

Minor difficulties will occur, but they will be surmounted by experience and by patient study of your mount.

For your safety, take care that the brakes are efficient, and see that they are not only kept free from mud but that they are also kept in perfect adjustment.

It should be the object of the rider to avoid straining and damaging his machine. Such care will be especially necessary in tackling hills, and experience will show the need to admit more gas according to the steepness of the hill, and to cut down the air supply proportionately.

Always work the machine a little less than the limit of its power.

Perhaps the most important item of all in the preservation of the engine is the question of lubrication. If you over-lubricate, the oil gets into the combustion chamber and emerges from the exhaust valve as black smoke, but beyond this little harm is done. On the other hand, if the supply of oil is too small, there is over-heating, and the sides of the cylinder are liable to become scored.

THE TWO MOTOR-CYCLING UNIONS.

Every motor-cyclist should be a member either of the Auto-Cycle Union or of the Motor Union. The headquarters of the former are at 18, Down Street, Piccadilly, London, W., and of the latter at 1, Albemarle Street, London, W. Particulars of these organisations can be obtained from the respective secretaries.

Every motor-cyclist must provide himself with a driver's licence, which costs 5s., and is to be obtained from the corporation of his town, or from the local county council. He must also register his machine, which costs another 5s. and he now has to pay a local taxation of £1 a year.

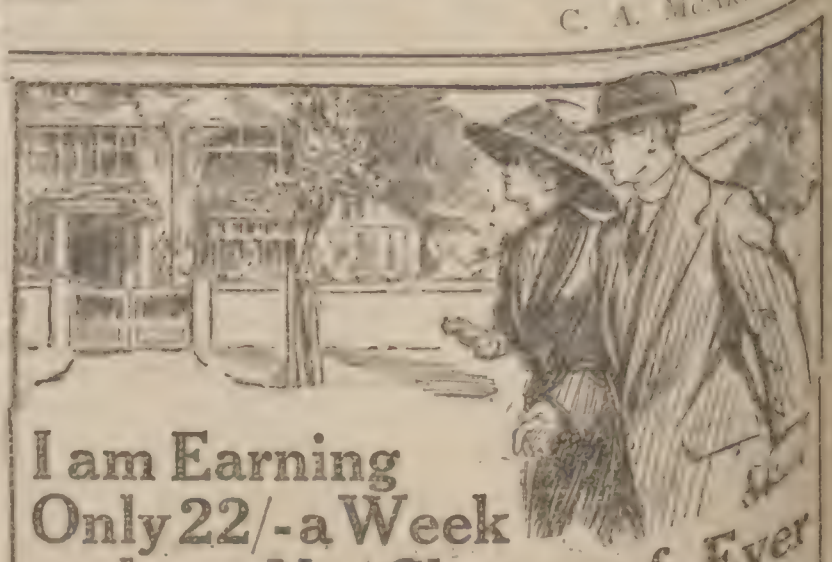
If you contemplate purchasing a motor-cycle at the present time, delay the matter till October 1, as after that date you will only have to pay 10s. for the remaining three months of the year, instead of having to pay the full sovereign.

There are various minor points connected with the law of motor-cycling which the motor-cyclist should remember. For example, if he uses a side car on his machine he requires only one licence, but if he goes in for a trailer it is regarded as a separate machine, and he must pay a 15s. licence for it, in addition to his £1 licence for the motor-cycle.

Foolish as this law appears, it may do good, for it may mean the abolition of trailers, which are extremely dangerous with motor-cycles.

Another point which the motor-cyclist ought to understand is that he must not at any time ride at a speed exceeding twenty miles an hour. He may think that he is keeping within the law if his average speed per hour is twenty miles, but he is breaking the law if he covers even a yard at a higher speed than that.

C. A. McARTHUR.



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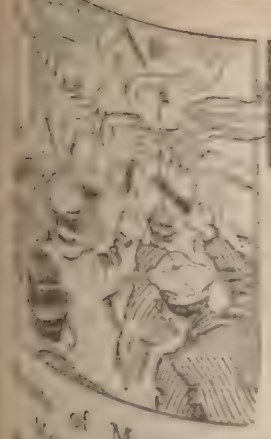


RICHARD SELBY BESIEGED

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By ADAM STERN.

The tranquil atmosphere of Richard Selby's office when William Bradlaw entered it was in striking contrast to the seething excitement pervading the [illegible] of Moulden, through which he had passed.

[illegible]den's foremost chain manufacturer was at work [illegible], smoking a pipe, his secretary and right-hand [illegible]rill, being similarly imperturbably employed in [illegible]art of the office.

[illegible]William Bradlaw sat down, breathing audibly, put his [illegible]er his chair, and, with a hand on each knee, re-[illegible]Richard with steady, slow-blinking eyes.

[illegible] was not difficult to see that the stout, formidable [illegible]r head had his somewhat bovine impassivity [illegible]shaken up.

[illegible] minutes went by after their syllabic exchange [illegible]ngs. William Bradlaw sighed at last and said: [illegible]ell, what yo' going to do, Richard?"

"What's your intention?" asked Richard, laying down [illegible]en.

"[illegible]'ve got us hipped, so far as I can see. [illegible] do but give way and grant their demands. [illegible]sn't a single hand left at the chain-block in [illegible]den. The women-folk came out to-day."

"I sent mine home yesterday," said Richard.

"That gave 'em the lead, no doubt. It was bound [illegible]ome. But they don't like you any the better for [illegible] the initiative, Richard. They say it suggests you'm [illegible]kin' o' showin' fight—which won't do you any good, [illegible]only precipitate trouble."

"[illegible]'m—m'm," commented Richard, non-committally.

"[illegible]You got nobody workin' for you at all now, I [illegible]?"

"[illegible] a soul—beyond the clerks and the gatekeeper, [illegible]le of engineers who've nothing to do."

"[illegible]s a situation none of us ha' known the like of [illegible]," said William Bradlaw pessimistically. "All of [illegible]in receipt of a good wage and workin' a fifty-four-[illegible]week, and then they come out and ask for more! [illegible]kin' it a bit too thick! The trade won't stand [illegible]."

"[illegible]'re caught in the throes of this industrial [illegible]on," said Richard. "They can no more help [illegible] a youngster can help contracting measles. Don't [illegible]he where it's all leading to; I'm hazarding no [illegible]theories. But I can tell you this, as a broad working [illegible]: It's as bad for the men to be in a position [illegible]timidate their masters as it is for the masters [illegible]e to sweat and underpay their men.

"[illegible]I want to know what I am going to do. I'm [illegible] hold out, William. Resist coercion. Shut down [illegible]. Lock 'em out till they're ready to return—[illegible]s be their own. That's the answer which I'm [illegible] delegates when they come here for my [illegible]n at six o'clock, as they've arranged to do."

[illegible]ked at the clock, which was now within a [illegible]tes of that hour.

"[illegible]You're fond o' the fightin' course, Richard," [illegible]d Bradlaw, gloomily. "But where's it lead to? [illegible]e got their Union at their back; and there's a [illegible]anned-to-all-consequences spirit abroad, which'll lead [illegible] as soon as look! You need no remindin' o' [illegible]ment the Black Countryman's capable of when [illegible]e lets himself go!"

Richard nodded, without any change of expression.

"All over the country," resumed Bradlaw, "there's [illegible] violence when the employers have stood firm, and [illegible]e the men have won all along the line! There's [illegible]ing [illegible]e from them when they get their own [illegible]."

"[illegible]thinking of my own point of view, not theirs," [illegible]hard, characteristically.

"[illegible]while what's going to become o' the trade?"

Bradlaw.

"[illegible]ve said yourself that to concede this increased [illegible] means crippling the trade. So it does. It [illegible]worse—it means delivering it its death-blow. D'you [illegible]'m going to lie down passively to be executed? To lend a hand at my own funeral, William? Not exactly! I'm going to *fight!*"

He knocked out the ashes of his pipe and glanced at the door as a clerk came in.

"Tell them I'll see them in a moment," he said.

He levelled his indomitable eyes at Bradlaw. "Do I carry you with me?" he asked.

"You do," said William Bradlaw, succinctly.

"The other makers?"

"Will follow your example. Considerin'," added Bradlaw, with a gleam of humour, "that you represent about three-fourths o' the trade, they've hardly much option. They can't give way till you do."

Richard nodded, with his hand on the bell.

"You've this to remember," added Bradlaw, with an inflection of warning, "if there's any trouble it'll be you that the men'll go for. *You'll* be the one they'll attack!"

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Richard. "Don't go, William. You may as well be present at this interview. It won't last long."

He pressed the bell, and three men were shown in; two of them obviously chainmakers of a rugged, superior class; the third, a short, wiry man in a well-cut suit and bowler hat, with quick, grey eyes and a mobile mouth. He approached Richard's desk with a hand outstretched. Richard ignored it, looking him coolly between the eyes.

"I hold no palaver with you, Mr. Thornton," he said, deliberately. "Take a back seat, or get out of my office. Good evening, Dyke; 'd evening, Perry"—this to the two others.

"What do you mean?" demanded the man addressed as Thornton. "I'm here to represent——"

"You represent nobody. You're a paid agitator. Now, Dyke——"

The face of Mr. Thornton was a study in impotent rage.

"I'd have you understand, sir," he spluttered, "I'm the men's chosen spokesman. I won't be insulted by you—nor by anybody else!"

"You'll get exactly what I like to give you," said Richard. "I know your breed. You go about the country poking your nose into affairs that don't concern you, stirring up strife and making capital out of other people's misfortunes. You've got no standing; you're an official of neither union nor non-union: I look upon you personally as a *rat*! Is that quite clear to you?"

White-lipped and sweating, the man fell back from before such sledge-hammer directness.

"Any amendment in the demands?" inquired Richard, turning to the other delegates.

They eyed their discomfited colleague, and Dyke spoke surlily, with a scowl on his brow.

"None."

"They still insist on the twenty-five per cent. increase in wages?"

"We've made up our minds to get it."

"Very well. My answer to the men is this: I give them till to-morrow at noon to return to work at the wage-rate fixed by the Trades' Board Act of last year. If they don't comply, I shall lock them out; and let there be no mistake about it, they'll come in again when I'm ready, not when they're ready. Bradlaw is of the same determination. That's all I have to say."

"Right yo' are," said Perry, unemotionally.

"Yo'm fixed on that?" inquired Dyke with a twitch of his strong hairy hands. "I don't answer fur the consequences if we take back a message like that."

"You won't be asked to," responded Richard levelly. "Good night."

Mr. Thornton could not resist spilling a little of his rancour. He turned at the door and spoke in high-pitched strident tones.

"Before many hours have passed you'll regret this decision, Mr. Selby . . . bitterly regret it. I promise you that!"—and he closed the door softly behind him.

"That chap's dangerous," commented Bradlaw. "He's been inflamin' the workers until they're almost out of hand. He wouldn't hesitate to set 'em riotin', if it

suited his book. If we're to keep our property safe we'd best get Malin to set a special guard. I'll go round and see him now."

Malin was the chief constable of Moulden.

"Right-o," said Richard. "I've already made my arrangements with him."

He went out into his works, and for some minutes stood talking to Goode, his senior engineer, who was alone in the engine-room.

"I'm leaving for home now," concluded Richard. "Get the car out. A 'phone message by the private wire will bring me on the spot inside twenty minutes, barring accidents. If I stay hanging about the works, they'll only think I'm afraid of them doing some damage. And a display of funk always tempts t'other fellow to hit. Where's Bird?"

"Gone out to fetch in some tea, sir."

"Well, tell him to get in a substantial supply of grub and beer; I don't want you to starve. But unobtrusively, mark you. If there should be any attempt to rush the place, I can rely on you to keep them at bay for an interval?"

"You can sleep quite sound, sir," said the engineer.

"Good," said Richard, who appreciated the brevity.

He returned to his office, cleared up, and presently descended with Graill, getting into the big powerful car which awaited them in the yard. Between home and business he habitually drove the car himself.

Soon they were passing through the crowded main street—men refusing to give way till the wheels all but ran them down. But there was no definite demonstration of hostility, save only the discharge of a few hisses and curses.

"I don't like their quiet," said Richard, when at last they were out on the open country road, and he spoke no other word till they drew up at the house at Woolveley.

His wife was on the steps awaiting him; it was a rule she had adopted; but though she knew of the critical situation she did not importune him with questions. She preferred to let him have his dinner first, being a wise and man-managing woman.

It was precisely at half-past ten, while they were sitting out in the open enjoying the warm silence and the moonlight, that a servant came to them with word of an urgent call on the telephone.

Richard departed swiftly, though evincing no anxious haste. He was cheerful when he returned, tossing a cap to Graill and then buttoning his coat.

"I've ordered the car to be brought round," he said; "but just go and hurry it up."

Graill, understanding, took himself out of the way.

"What is it?" asked Richard's wife, quite steadily.

"A row. No more particulars. Must go."

She had risen from her chair and was facing him, gazing at him with a normal countenance.

"Come here," she said. "Your cap is too much over your eyes."

Richard bent his head and she set the matter right.

"You'll take care, dear?" she said.

"Yes, I'll take care," said Richard, and they walked side by side to meet the car.

Twelve minutes later Richard applied the brakes, and their speed dropped from forty to eight.

"Looks healthy," muttered Richard, as they swept round a corner into Market Street and saw tossing torches and a black phalanx of men between themselves and the works.

"No damage done so far, anyhow," he said, after a searching glance on ahead.

"Where are the police?" asked Graill.

"Ask another," replied Richard; and after that his jaw protruded grimly and his face was like a casting in iron.

But always, steadily, he drove the car through the press. Execrations were hurled at him, men became infuriated, shaking their fists almost in his face. Prehensile fingers were sent out, clutching, to drag him from his seat.

He drove on, looking neither to left nor right.

"Out wi' 'em!" cried voices. "Stop the car! Smash it up! Smash them!"

"God bless Richard Selby!" shrilled a woman on the far edge of the crowd.

Graill, without knowing it, was white with suspense and excitement.

The crush became denser, the car was almost at a standstill. Yet only about twenty yards now parted them from the works.

Suddenly Richard *honk-honked* and changed gear; spurring, as it were, the thing beneath him to a final effort. It quivered and bore irresistibly on, abrupt acceleration of speed engendering a [illegible] alarm in the men in front.

He reached the double gates of the works, which were fast closed, and guarded, as could now be seen, by a small posse of policemen.

He stood up in his seat. Now or never was the chance for his personality to assert itself.

He looked deliberately round—looked out over the torch-lit menacing faces—and smiled. Not a smile of either conciliation or apprehension, but one charged with full-blooded appreciation of the destruction they could wreak if they chose to.

"By gad, men!" he said, "you're merry to-night!"

A sergeant of police pushed through to him. He leant down and spoke to him a few words.

"How is it that mounted constabulary are not here?"

"They've been called to Birmingham, sir, where a riot's broke out."

"Can you drive a car? Or any of your men?"

"I can, sir."

"Very well, then. Take my place, and four of the men with you as a protection—they can sit behind. You'll and drive the car to Mark Gem's garage. You'll manage it all right. They're not really dangerous yet."

"But your own works, sir? There'll only be half a dozen men left!"

"I know what I'm doing. If they break up this car they'll get the fever for breaking something else. It can't be taken into the yard; they'd swarm through and overrun the place! Now don't delay, please!"

"Very good, sir."

With a word to Graill to follow him, Richard alighted and shouldered his way through men who dared not lay a finger on him—though their countenances betrayed the desire—and halted at the door cut in the double gates, which he unlocked, and then stood aside for Graill to enter first.

"You, too," he said to the remaining [illegible]. "You can't do any good out here."

And in another moment the door was closed on them, and the car, to the accompaniment of coarse laughter, was driven slowly away.

Goode stood waiting for Richard, framed in the entrance to the boiler-room, behind him the [illegible] fires, at his feet on either side of him a [illegible] length of hose.

"You're ready, I see," said Richard.

"Yes, sir. They started smashing windows, and I thought it best to fetch you down."

"You did right," said Richard. "Put all the lights on. It gives a better appearance of confidence."

There came more ominous sounds from [illegible] shouts rising higher, a sudden, dull cannonade at the gates.

"No time to waste," said Richard. "I must [illegible] tell them what they have to expect."

He stepped away lithely to the offices, mounted his own sanctum on the first floor, which had big windows overlooking the street.

He threw up one sash, after first switching on the lights. A roar greeted him—an odd, half-triumphant, half-ferocious acclamation.

Richard, visible from the thighs upward, his hands in his coat pockets, chin thrust forward, [illegible] too, and immovable, making no attempt to [illegible] leader of men could have seized so finely on the opportunity for dramatic effect.

It was incongruous that the request for [illegible] should finally have come from the swaying [illegible] makers beneath him.

"Let's hear 'im! Shut your row! He [illegible] whatever else he's guilty on. Give ear to the minit!"

"What do you want me to tell you?" [illegible] Richard. "That you're a pack of fools? [illegible] that already! Destroy this place, and you've [illegible] out of the way of getting a living for long [illegible] Union will support you. Has any man here ever known me to go back on my word? Does any man think me likely to be scared by a mob?

"I've given my decision and I hold to it, though you should turn Moulden into a successful imitation of hell!"

The strong voice, taunting, sarcastic, [illegible] terful, rang out to the farthermost recesses [illegible]

"What do you gain by striking? How [illegible]

(*Continued on page 44.*)

MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE.

We print below a further instalment of the list of members of The Modern Man League.

OTLEY.

[illegible] BARRON, 81, Gay Lane.
[illegible] HOLDSWORTH, c.o. J. E. Howarth, [illegible] Ground.
[illegible] LODGE, 1, St. Clair Street, Side Copse.
[illegible] MAWSON, Bridge Street.

OXFORD.

[illegible] FORD, 62, Mill Street, Osney.
[illegible] IS, 93, Cardigan Street.
[illegible] PHILBY, 32, Marlborough Road, [illegible]nt.
[illegible] RTS, 210, Abingdon Road.
[illegible] P, 14, Leopold Street.

OXTON.
W. H. POUNDALL, 3, Albert Road.

PADDOCK WOOD.
W. R. PENDRED, Meadhurst Villa.
A. SIMMONS, 5, Alpine Cottages, Commercial Road.

PADIHAM.
H. P. ASHWORTH, 14, Railway Terrace.
A. R. DALTON, 7, Burnley Road.
H. ROBINSON, 89, Church Street.
J. WALSH, 121, Thompson Street.

PADSTOW.
H. W. TURNER, Police Station.

PAISLEY.
D. FULTON, 30, Glen Street.
J. F. GOLDIE, 1, Rowan Street.
J. LANIGAN, 23, Whitehead Street.
J. McBRIDE, 4, Wardrop Street.
A. MACHIE, 131, Hory Street.
J. A. McMANUS, 11, Walker Street.
G. McMURDO, 2, Park Avenue.
W. F. McNEILL, 55, Neilston Road.
W. K. MACQUEEN, 27, Newton Street.
N. MORRIS, 4, Park Avenue.
B. MORTIMER, 5, Ross Street, Blackhall.
A. STEWART, 17, Maxwellton Street.
H. THUMATH, 30, Kilnside Road.

PARKHURST, ISLE OF WIGHT.
R. H. BAKER, Canteen and Mess Co-Operative Society.

PEEL.
W. H. CRELLIN, 4, Manley Road.

PEMBROKE.
C. T. GREENSLADE, 4, School Terrace Monkton.
G. F. HOWELL, Mansell.

(To be continued.)

LET "HYOMEI" CURE YOUR CATARRH

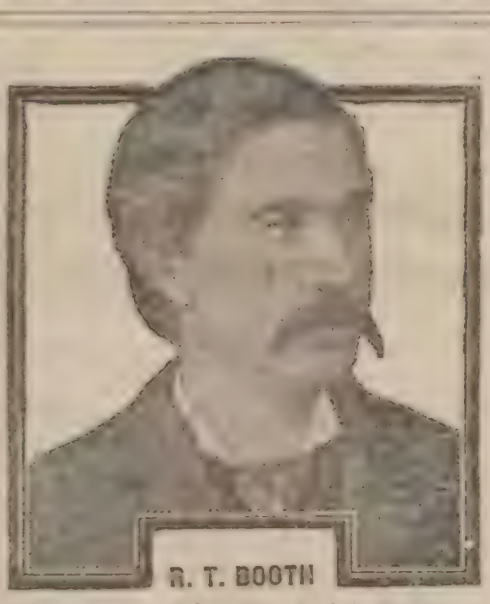
WORLD-FAMOUS MAN'S OFFER TO ALL SUFFERERS FROM BREATHING TROUBLES.

How you may obtain immediate relief and ultimate cure for Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Influenza, Catarrhal Deafness, Consumption, etc., etc.

Mr. R. T. Booth, who issues the following announcement, is the world famous [illegible] evangelist, who some years ago, in co-operation with such friends and co-workers as the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Rev. F. B. Meyer, and the late Rev. Newman Hall, Archdeacon Wilberforce, Lord Mount Temple, and others, founded the Blue Ribbon Army, which ultimately led a million to temperance. This glorious work was cut short by acute catarrh and threatened consumption, which sent him, by the order of the late Sir Andrew Clark, health-seeking to Australia. There he made his great discovery of Hyomei (pronounced Hi-o-me), which not only cured him, but has since cured multitudes of other sufferers. Hyomei is an inhalant which, being a powerful germ killer, cures by just breathing it.

Mr. R. T. Booth's words to sufferers are: I want you to try the remedy that cured me. Twenty-five years ago, as many of you know, I was stricken with Catarrh so malignant a form that my life was despaired of. Sir Andrew Clark, the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone's physician, advised me to make a journey to Australia, where it was hoped that the warmer climate would bring me relief. In that country I found a cure. That was twenty-five years ago, and to-day I have no signs of breathing troubles despite my age.

The remedy I discovered I named Hyomei (pronounced Hi-o-me), and I want every sufferer from breathing troubles to give it a trial. That they may do so I have put the price within the reach of all. I implicitly believe in my remedy, and that is why I am so insistent in urging you to try it. I would not attach my name to anything unless I firmly believed that it would accomplish all that I claim for it. So great is my faith in Hyomei, moreover, that I guarantee to return your money if it does not benefit you. (See Coupon below.)



R. T. BOOTH

(Temperance Advocate, Social Reformer, Health Expert, Founder of the Blue Ribbon Army, and Discoverer of Hyomei).

If your nose is stopped up.
If you have a bad cold.
If your voice is dull or harsh.
If your eyes water.
If you sleep with your mouth open.
If scabs form in the nose.
If you catch cold easily.
If your hearing is affected.
If you have head noises.
If your throat is dry.
If you are tired on rising.
If you have a short, hacking cough.
If you have much discharge from the nose.
If your sense of smell is affected.
If mucus drops into your throat.

If, in fact, you have one or more of the above symptoms, then there is something wrong with your breathing organs, and it is now that you should get your cure, before the trouble gets worse.

CATARRH LEADS TO CONSUMPTION.

Catarrh not only impoverishes the system, lowers the vitality, upsets the stomach, and weakens the mind, but it renders the sufferer irritable, despondent, careless, dull and thoughtless, and in nine cases out of ten, if neglected, it leads to consumption, that dread disease which takes off thousands every year.

PRAISE FROM OTHERS.

Not only am I myself convinced as to the undoubted purity and efficacy of Hyomei, but thousands of users in every country have written me within the last two years testifying in certain tones of the remarkable effect that my remedy has had in their cases. Their experience may be relied on, but do not be misled by the specious advertisements of those who will apparently say anything and make any claim however wildly absurd, to sell their nostrums.

Remember, no cough mixture, no lozenge, no drops, indeed no medicine taken into the stomach ever did or ever will cure or even relieve nasal or throat catarrh, influenza, bronchitis, or lung trouble. These troubles threatened my life, and drove me to Australia seeking my cure. I found it there, and called it Hyomei (pronounced Hi-o-me). It cured me twenty-five years ago, to stay cured ever since, and it can cure you. I guarantee this, or return your money. (See Coupon below.)

My Hyomei cures you for the same reason that it cured me. I have so devised the Hyomei Treatment that it gives you in your own homes dried, clear air, filtered and impregnated with cleansing and healing balms, exactly as you would get it and breathe it if you were living as I did in Australia. That is the fact about the Hyomei Treatment; it gives you the healing Australian air in your own homes. Whether your trouble is in the Head (Nose), with all the horrors of foul and dropping mucus; in the Throat, with constant hacking, soreness, phlegm, and coughing; or in the Lungs, with congestion and constant threat of Consumption, there is not in the world a treatment—at any price, let alone at the low price at which I offer you the Hyomei Treatment—that should be mentioned in the same world as the Hyomei treatment for the relief and cure of the above troubles. R. T. BOOTH.

The Hyomei Outfit for giving Mr. Booth's treatment contains an inhaler with supply of antiseptic gauze, a bottle of the inhalant "Hyomei," and directions how to use it for Nasal and Throat Catarrh, Head Cold, as well as for such other troubles as Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Asthma, Wheezing, Difficult Breathing, Tonsillitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Catarrhal Deafness, Laryngitis, Consumption, Hay Fever, Throat Troubles, including, in fact, all respiratory troubles, and the price of the complete Hyomei Outfit, to place it within the reach of all, is 2s. 6d. complete.

A copy of the Booklet giving the account of Mr. Booth's discovery will be sent free to all who send for it, but all sufferers are advised to lose no time, but post at once coupon below, with P.O. or stamps, for a complete Hyomei Outfit, seeing that delay in starting to cure such troubles is dangerous.

.....

To Mr. R. T. BOOTH, 479, Roycroft House,
96, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

I enclose herewith 2s. 6d. (to be refunded in full if I write you that the Hyomei Treatment has done me no good), for which you will please send me a complete Hyomei Pocket Outfit, together with full directions for the application of the Hyomei Treatment (Foreign Orders 1s. extra).

Name .....
(Write very plainly, stating if Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss.)

Address .....

IMPORTANT NOTE:

You are invited to write a separate letter to me giving me full particulars of your trouble, and I will endeavour to send you a letter of special advice and guidance of how you may get rid of same. (Signed) R. T. BOOTH.

Prediction and Realisation

Our theme still is the Unique System, whereby small sums can be doubled and trebled in a single operation.

——We pointed out Last Week——
What even the sum of £6 will do.

Now, we want to bring home to you this fact—that others are progressing with the times—profiting by the easier methods of making money and that you have only to look into the matter for yourself in order to realise the possibilities of money-making that are open equally to you.
We wish to draw your attention to what our clients are doing.

This Handful of Accounts from our Ledgers shows what a few of our Thousands of Clients have done.

W.A.H.	A.E.B.	J.T.D.	E.F.
20 1 3	93 0 0	24 0 0	53 15 0
50 0 0	75 0 0	50 0 0	50 0 0
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What They Have Done, You Can Do.

This is not mere "chance," but the realisations of our advices, the outcome of modern scientific achievement, the reduction to an exact system of the methods whereby the vast fortunes of the world have been won. And we leave it to you to judge from this that, up to now, our clients have already shared the vast sum of

Over Half-a-Million Pounds

Here is pretty strong evidence that our clients are profiting by our advice. We want you to give our Unique System of Money-Making a trial—to test our assertions.

It will Lead to Your becoming a Regular Client.
Why Not, when the first step is Entirely Free to you?

Here is Opportunity at your Very Door.
Will you Not Seize it NOW?

How Small Sums Multiply under the Magic of System.

To the Secretary,
The National Share Exchange, Gt. Winchester Street, London, E.C.

Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet, "The Modern System of Money-Making," which is a clear explanation of the methods which has enabled you to pay to clients over £500,000.

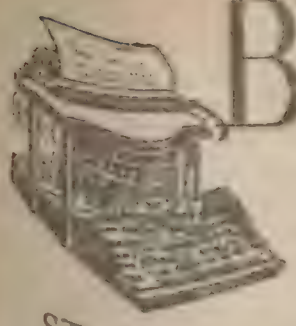
M.M. 9/9/11.

Name _____
(State whether Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss or Title.)

Address in Full _____

Date _____

(This and all our other advertisements are genuine.)



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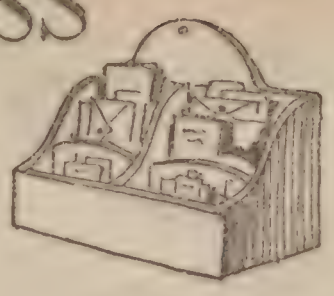


STRIKERS AND NON-STRIKERS.

WHAT CAN THE OFFICE WORKER DO?

At present it seems the world of workers could be divided into two parts—as those who strike and those who do not strike.

Though the strikers are in a majority, there is left a very large minority who have not the aid, or otherwise, of the strike in securing what they consider their rights from their employers.

That this is so is undoubtedly handicapping to some extent.

Perhaps if every employer in, for instance, the City of London knew that every one of his clerks and other employés might strike for a week at a moment's notice, he would level up the rate of wages a bit. But this is speculation beside the present mark.

The great question is this: How is the man who cannot strike going to meet all the extra demands made upon him by the steady rise in price of what is comprehensively called "the cost of living"?

There is the multitude of fixed-salary men who find it hard to pull the two ends together every week. Against them are innumerable forces all tending to keep those two ends from meeting.

Unless, then, the fixed-salary man does not by hook or by crook or by good luck or by the justice of his employer obtain some extra means to supply his more needs, he is going to be bankrupt.

He may look about for extra work, but even if he finds it he is running grave risk of losing all by trying too much.

His most important piece of capital—his health—will suffer.

He may not give his best to his principal employer: his employer may insist on having all of his man's time or none at all.

All things considered, it seems to be possible to meet the increased cost only by decreased expenditure.

A man must reduce all his expenses, somehow, if he is to remain on that side of the line which at least means freedom from crushing anxiety.

Again and again he must go over accounts and study each item, testing it by the hard and fast formula: "Is it *absolutely* necessary?"

He must indeed strike, and strike with determination, against all his former notions of what is really necessary.

Then, and then only, will he be able to put up a successful fight against the increased cost of living.

That is *his* strike!

GEORGE PURKISS.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the opinions of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL RAILS.

I still advise a sale of Canadian Pacifics, and a purchase of Grand Trunk Thirds.

Rails at 240, under present American conditions, are cheap, and I should not be surprised to see the price of 250 before the year is out.

HOME RAILS.

The industrial trouble is being settled all over the country, and it is to be hoped that the short strikes that have occurred have not permanently injured the trade prospects.

The settlement of the strike of railway workers promises well for the companies, as the Government has practically agreed to allow them to raise rates to counteract the increase of wages. Consequently the net income of the railways will not suffer and dividends will not be reduced.

That being so, the investor can buy Home Rails for investment forthwith, and the income on the outlay will amount to 5 per cent. and over, with the prospect of still further improvement according to trade increase.

MINES.

Those who like to invest their money in this section, might do worse than buy a few Rhodesians at present prices—such as Rhodesian Exploration shares at about 2.

Ashanti Goldfields, in West Africa, are worth attention at the present price—about 1½.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

K. F. (Dublin).—I do not see how you can do better, unless, of course, you are prepared to accept an increased risk.

"NOVICE" (Shanklin).—I am investigating, and will report to you later by letter.

"LEMON" (Douglas).—I think you would be quite safe in investing your legacy as suggested.

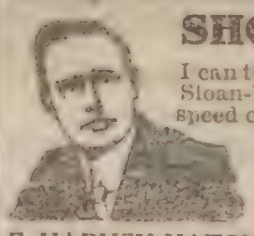
D. C. (Bushey).—There is very little market. The quotation is nominal at 2½ to 3.

"AGATE" (Glasgow).—Nos. 1 and 5 are all right; 3 is speculative; 4 carries a heavy liability, and I should advise you to exchange for a further number of 2.

A. J. I. (Newport, Mon.).—In my opinion, Mexican Railway Second Pref. is a sound investment, and the price will recover in due course.

"FIFER" (Dunfermline).—There are some good people connected with the company you inquire about, and I think you will be well advised to hold your shares for better prices.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.



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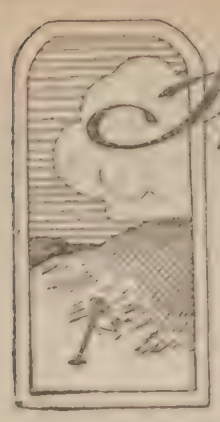
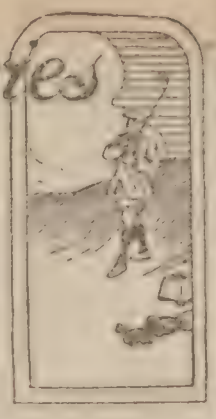


Sporting Stories



OFFER REFUSED.

The golfer took a long shot and a hard one, and a wild yap indicated where the ball had flown.

In fact, it had struck the head of the terrier which Mrs. Giles had taken with her on a shopping expedition, and when the golfer reached her, her pet had expired.

Mrs. Giles expressed her feelings graphically in the local dialect. More than that we will not say, for we are very particular about what we print in this paper.

"My good woman," the golfer protested, "don't be so much upset. I will replace your dog."

She looked at her fallen pet, she looked at the man, and drew herself up with marked contempt.

"Sir," she said, "you flatter yourself."

WHICH REGIMENT?

"I say there, you men!" shouted the youngest subaltern.

The two Territorials, who happened to have a difference of opinion, and who were settling the matter with nature's weapons, pulled up quick and came to attention.

"Don't let me see any more of that," said the youngest subaltern. "We don't want any fighting men in this regiment."

And the smile that suffused the faces of the two delinquents was not altogether due to their pleasure at their re-established friendship.

THE DESIRE FULFILLED.

They were talking of courage, of the need of it in fox-hunting and other sports, and of the general risks that men take in the course of their pleasures.

"I don't believe in dangerous sports," said the pale young man with the pink pimples. "I'd rather be a live rabbit than a dead lion."

"Well, you can't grumble," replied the man who had been speaking. "You've got your wish."

ON THE MOORS.

"Do you happen to know Cashleigh, the financier?" asked the first sportsman of his friend, who had hit nothing all day.

"Oh, yes, I know him well," replied the other. "I've done business with him in the City, and I've shot at his place in Yorkshire several times."

"Did you ever hit it?" asked the first sportsman, innocently.

AN UNWELCOME SUGGESTION.

The good woman went into the village milliner's to buy a yard of ribbon, or a pearl button, or a needle, or whatever it is that women buy in these places.

She had her daughter with her, and when her own order had been filled, the milliner, seizing the opportunity of further custom, and thinking of her new stock of sailor hats, inquired suggestively:

"What about a sailor for your daughter?"

"What about a sojer for yoursel'?" retorted the good woman, indignantly.

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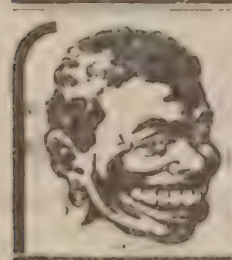

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ANTI-CO., 61, PENGE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

RICHARD SELBY BESIEGED (*Continued from page 43*)

you believe that this is a *just* strike. Take it from me, the first sign of any cessation of the labour unrest in other parts of the country will result in your Union wash-ing their hands of you. They'll say to you what I'm saying now—that you're fairly paid and have no reason-able cause for complaint."

"Liar!" shrilled the voice of a man who made a trumpet with his hands; it was Thornton, the paid agitator.

"Who won for you the increased wage-rate which applies to all to-day—women and girls, as well as men? Who rescued the trade from the muck-heap of sweated industries?"

"Who's made a fortune out of the blood and sweat of his fellows?" shrieked Thornton, deliriously.

He was visible, struggling in a knot of men striving to approach nearer to Richard.

"Give him room," called Richard satirically. "Here's the man who knows everything about us!—your rights and my wrongs. He's never been in Moulden before, but that doesn't matter! Make way, there!"

But he was losing his hold, and he knew it.

Thornton, standing on an improvised platform (a wooden box), almost immediately below the window, began to harangue the people wildly, eloquently, pollut-ing Richard's character with a malignity almost frenzied. He urged them to "make their own justice and take matters into their own hands at once."

Richard was still for a minute, surveying the pande-monium impassively. A stone broke the pane above his head, so that glass tinkled down, but not a muscle of his face moved.

Suddenly he spoke to Graill, quickly and tensely, without turning his head.

"He's recommending them to fire the place. He disposes of the efficacy of our steam bath. Go down instanter and get the six constables ranged by the front office door. I don't want it opened. I'll be down myself in a moment. No questions, now!"

Still went on the fierce maledictory tirade of Thornton. He had the ear of the crowd, and was revelling in the exultation of power.

Hence the opening of the office door passed prac-tically unnoticed, and Richard, striding out alone and bareheaded, was in the men's midst and within reach distance of Thornton, before his presence was realised.

He took Thornton under his arm as a parent would take a recalcitrant child, turned about, and proceeded with his kicking captive towards the shelter he had just vacated.

Thornton was screaming with rage.

Just at the doorway two men impulsively intervened, one clutching Richard's right arm, the other taking a grip of Thornton's body.

Richard, drawing back his elbow, laid low the latter with a hard drive between the eyes. He wrenched round with startling swiftness and dealt the other a savage buffet which forced him to release his hold. Then he literally tossed the unfortunate Thornton into the arms of the constables waiting inside the door, and facing round, he laughed.

With almost insolent deliberation he walked into the passage, closing the door behind him with a kick of the heel.

He reappeared at the window above. His expression was alight; he gripped the window-ledge and leaned far over, virile, defiant, unconquerable.

"That's the way to treat rats," he said. "Whoever fires my works will have the satisfaction of knowing that they'll roast Mr. Thornton as well. I shall lock him up just where the temperature's hottest. And for those who want to break down the doors, let them. I've a hose-pipe and steam ready, and a few of them will have uncomfortable sensations!

"That's all I have to say to you. Do what you like!"

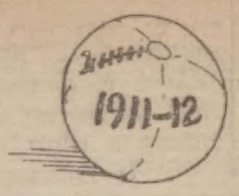
Disputing among themselves, angry for the want of a leader, some confessing openly to the folly of having foul of Richard, others admitting frankly that they had "only come to see the fun," the crowd broke up into groups and unmistakably began to disperse.

Richard rang through to his wife and assured her that all was well. He was incredibly cheerful—lightened by the relief which comes from a victory well won.

The strike was a tame affair after that. Within a week the chainmakers of all grades were back in their places, working at the same rates as before.

[Another of these stories will appear shortly.—EDITOR.]

CHANGES IN FOOTBALL.



WHAT HAS HAPPENED SINCE LAST SEASON.

First of all, there are the clubs that have come up, and those that have gone down, down, down.

In the First Division of the English Football League, West Bromwich Albion and Bolton Wanderers replace Bristol City and Notts Forest.

Sorry as one is for the relegated clubs, one is bound heartily to congratulate the "Throstles" and the "Trotters" on returning to the scenes of their former greatness.

Neither, of course, is any stranger to the First Division, for both were among the twelve clubs which originally formed the League.

West Bromwich first lost their place at the end of season 1900-01, but regained it the following year, only to lose it again in 1903-04, since when they have been struggling for promotion.

While the "Throstles" have yet to find another W. I. Bassett in the forward line, they have a good, well-balanced team, and an International back in the person of Pennington.

TRIALS OF THE "TROTTERS."

Bolton Wanderers have had their full share of ups-and-downs.

They were first relegated in 1899-00, came back for three seasons, then went down for two, returned for another three, lost their place, regained it after one season, only to lose it again at the end of 1909-10.

Bolton Wanderers have never won the Cup, but West Bromwich have held it twice.

Bristol City descend to the Second Division after five successive years in the First.

Even the prowess of Wedlock, one of the greatest of half-backs ever known, could not save Bristol City. Like the good sportsman he is, Wedlock has remained faithful to his club in their hour of tribulation.

Notts Forest are out of the First Division for only the second time in their long career in the League, which they first entered in 1892.

In the Second Division of the League Barnsley (the Cup Finalists of 1909-10) and Lincoln City finished last at the end of the past season.

Barnsley were re-elected, but Lincoln were not, Grimsby Town taking their place.

Grimsby were Second Division champions in 1900-01, which gave them two seasons in the First Division. They lost their place in the Second Division two years ago, but I fancy they are not likely to do so again.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE CHANGES.

Turning to the Southern League, last season saw a "real" Second Division in full working order. The result is that Reading and Stoke come into the upper class, while Southend United and Portsmouth descend.

Portsmouth's fate is hard, for they had been in the First Division twelve years and champions of it once, while Southend are to be sympathised with as a young team struggling with misfortune.

Stoke's appearance in the First Division is decidedly interesting. Stoke were one of the original English League Clubs, and for long a fairly strong power in First Division League football.

They disappeared from the First Division in 1907, and, going from bad to worse, could keep their place in the Second Division for only one season.

Even in its darkest days, however, the club had staunch friends, and, wisely putting their pride in their pockets, they entered the Second Division of the Southern League, from which they now emerge.

A new cup has been instituted for the reserve teams of professional clubs. This is the Middlesex Professional Cup, and the competing clubs are the reserves of Tottenham Hotspur, Chelsea, Clapton Orient, Fulham, Brentford, and Queen's Park Rangers.

The Final of this competition is to be decided before the end of November.

There have been no great changes in Football Association amateur affairs, but Tunbridge Wells and Woking come into the Isthmian League, while, on the other hand, Bromley drop out of it.

H. E. POTTER.

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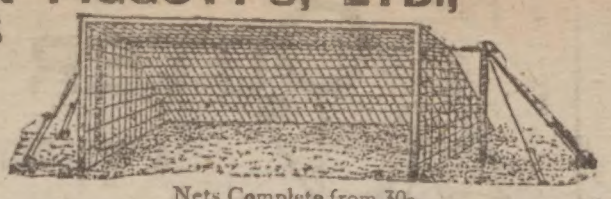

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THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

AUTUMN FASHIONS.

It has been reported in certain quarters that the fashionable lounge suits of the coming autumn and winter will be cut with long, rolling lapels and with two buttons to the jacket.

This is not so. I am in a position to state definitely that the lapels will not be cut lower than at present, and that the buttons on the jacket, so far as fashionable men are concerned, will remain three.

Not only will this be the correct thing, but it will also comply with the dictates of common-sense, for during the colder weather one does not desire a deep opening in one's jacket.

There will be no drastic changes in men's fashions this autumn or winter. The jackets will be cut the same length as now, the opening at the back will remain, and so will the turn-ups at the bottoms of the trousers.

The only change will be the disappearance of the gauntlet cuff. These have, during the past few months, practically disappeared from the jackets of men of fashion, and the autumn will see the end of them.

THE WAISTCOAT BUCKLE.

There are two supremely useless things in men's clothes. One is the little band and buckle for tightening the waistcoat at the back, and the other is the similar contrivance which is usually fitted at the back of the trousers.

If a waistcoat or a pair of trousers is properly cut, it does not require to be drawn in.

Tailors, however, will continue to fix these useless things, as it is a sort of tradition of the trade, and it is scarcely worth the customer's while to tell them to leave them out; but the wearer, so far as concerns the waistcoat, should see that this band at the back is not pulled tight, for that makes the vest crease across the front.

USEFULNESS OF A CHEVAL GLASS.

One of the most important adjuncts to a well-furnished bedroom is a cheval glass, which enables you to see your noble self from top to toe.

Cheval glasses, however, are rather expensive to buy if you do not happen to possess one, but you can secure a fairly efficient substitute by placing an ordinary dressing-table mirror on the floor and looking at it from a sufficient distance, so that the whole of your figure can be included.

This enables you to get a much better idea of how your general "get-up" will strike an observant world.

THE REPUTATION OF BEING WELL-DRESSED.

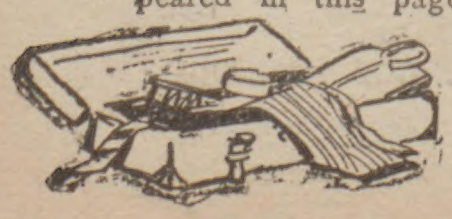
To know that you are a person who is regarded as being well-dressed is highly satisfactory, for the reputation is proof of the fact that your clothes are not only good, but are also tastefully chosen, and well put on and looked after.

The man who dresses loudly never earns the reputation of being well-dressed, for that is the description which is reserved for those who dress with taste.

Like all other good opinions, it provides you with something to live up to, and no matter how tired you may be, and how tempting bed may seem, it will stimulate you to fold your clothes up properly, and not to throw them down anyhow.

A SHIRT TIP.

In connection with a paragraph which recently appeared in this page, a Belfast reader sends me the following tip:



"Your suggestion that the life of a shirt can be prolonged by having the starched cuffs removed if they are frayed, and wrist-bands put in their place, is a capital one; but those who are in lodgings and have no one to do the job for them may care to adopt a plan which I have found very useful.

"It is simply to give instructions to the laundry that the cuffs are not to be starched. When they return clean and soft, double them lengthways, and pierce a couple of new buttonholes underneath where the old ones will now come. This brings the frayed edge of the cuff up, and the part which shows at the end of your sleeve will be the folded part, which will look exactly like the double cuffs of ordinary soft shirts."

THE NETHER GARMENTS.

I think that every reader who has trouble with his tailor must be in the habit of writing to me and giving me the story of his woes, for certainly I receive a very large number of letters from readers who are dissatisfied with the suits that their tailors have made for them.

The tailors, it is only fair to say, are not any of the well-known firms, but usually men in a small way of business.

Of these complaints, quite three-quarters deal with

That Old Suit of yours is good for further service.

3/6 will make it look new.

If your suit is wrinkled and shabby from holiday wear or business wear, send it to us with a postal order for 3/6.
It will be CLEANED, REPAIRED, and TAILOR-PRESSED by our new process, and you will receive it within three days, looking a'most like a brand-new suit.
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You must see an old suit after being treated by our method. You will be surprised at the result.
Send your old suit to-day and a postal order for 3/6. We pay carriage one way. Alterations and renovations of every description.

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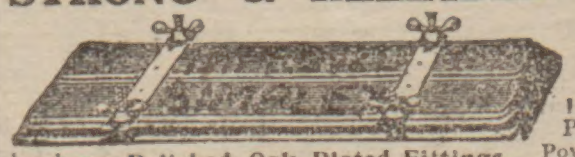

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SUITS (to measure), **25s.** to **50s.**
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the faulty cutting of that important garment the trousers.

Anyone can tell at a glance whether a man is well-dressed or not, and the impression is more largely the result of the appearance of his trousers than of his coat.

Trousers must be just the right length, neither too long nor too short, and they must be cut in such a way that the bottoms of the legs do not stick out unnecessarily, and yet they must not be too narrow.

How a well-cut pair of trousers is built is the tailor's secret; and it is not in my province, even if I had the technical knowledge, to educate him. What chiefly concerns the customer, however, is to insist that his tailor shall be as careful in the cutting and fitting of his trousers as he is with his coat. Badly-cut trousers are uncomfortable to wear, and are always unsightly.

FINDING A COBBLER.

The man of wealth does not wear boots that have been repaired, but the average individual, especially if he runs down his heels and toes more quickly than the rest of his sole, finds many occasions for patronising the cobbler.

In every district there are plenty of cobblers, but it is extremely hard to find one who is good at his work. Usually they make the repaired toe thicker than the rest of the sole; or they put into the heels trashy pieces of leather which work their way loose; or they put the nails with which they fix the heels too close to the edge, and, when trimming, file away the leather and allow these nails to show. Sometimes a cobbler will commit all these offences at once.

The only thing to do is to experiment with the various cobblers in the district.

I have already advised that, when looking for a suitable style of collar, you should buy one as an experiment, and then buy a quantity if you find that this style is just right. Apply the same principle in dealing with cobblers.

Give a man one pair of boots to mend, explain fully what you require done, and, if you have any particular likes or dislikes as to the height of the heel, and so forth, get him interested in them.

If he does not turn out a satisfactory result, try elsewhere until you find the right man.

Of course, if you are lucky enough to secure the recommendation of a reliable friend you are saved all this trouble.

When you have found the right cobbler stick to him as he does to his last, even if he charges higher prices than his brethren.

We can give your old Suit a new lease of life

After it has gone through our wonderful Tailor-pressing, Cleaning and Repairing process. Have you a Suit that is out of shape or turned shiny in places?

Let us take out the dust, the stains and grease spots, thoroughly repair the Suit, rework the buttonholes, replace missing buttons, etc.

Carefully tailor-press the Suit to its original shape and send it back to you looking and hanging as well as when it first came home new from your tailor.

We know you will be as pleased as the thousands of our customers who have sent their suits regularly to us for the past 10 years.

You are specially invited to visit our Works, where we shall be pleased to demonstrate to you our wonderful process.

Send your shabby suit along with P.O. 3s. 9d., we will return it within three days, and if you are not perfectly satisfied with the result **your money will be returned in full.**

The British Tailoring & Repairing Co.,

Chief Offices and Works, 34, 36, 38, & 40, GT. COLLEGE ST., *Tel., North 2882 (2 lines).* LONDON, N.W.

YOUR SATISFACTION IS OUR REPUTATION.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

F. C. (Ipswich) and several other correspondents, referring to our recent article entitled "Those Useless Medals," suggest that athletes possessing a collection of medals should make a suitable wall case and hang them therein, instead of storing them away in a drawer.

S. J. H. (Nottingham).—A few drops of paraffin rubbed on your lip night and morning will make your moustache grow.

R. H. B. (Llanberis) says, apropos the letters of Colonial readers which we published, that he knew a man who went to Canada about six months ago. "He had work to go to, but soon after he got there a strike began, in which he refused to join. He was shot and thrown into a river, and his wife and two little girls were left out there to fend for themselves."

M. B. (Tottenham).—It would be practically impossible for you to get the chance of working your passage to Australia, but you might write to the shipping companies concerned. It is scandalous that you should have lost your job while serving your country as a Territorial at camp.

W. G. J. (Acton Hill) says: "Several friends of mine have stigmatised the League colours as harsh, chiefly owing to the bright yellow stripe. Can't you substitute old gold for it?"—We don't intend to.

C. B. (Bristol).—Better send your Burberry macintosh to a good firm of cleaners. You'd probably spoil it if you tried to clean it yourself.

F. M. (Coventry).—Tickets for the Calcutta Turf Club Derby Sweep can be obtained only through a member of that club. It has no agents, and you should beware of anyone pretending to be such.

C. R. (Ashington). — The Scots Greys are at present stationed at York.

T. J. B. (Tullamore).—One of the advertisers on our "Outer Man" pages could do the work for you.

J. F. G. (Manchester).—Have your missing teeth replaced with false ones before offering yourself for enlistment.

T. A. H. (Acklington).—You could get a second-hand violin by advertising in our Readers' Sale and Exchange page; the price will depend on the quality of the instrument.

"ARGUMENT" (Lochee).—We don't *know* whether the circulation of the paper you mention has ever reached a million copies. Don't ask what we *think*.

"ANXIOUS" (Blackhill).—The headquarters of the Royal Irish Constabulary are at the R.I.C. Barracks, Dublin.

A. S. (Manchester), **E. N.** (Barnsbury), **R. J. K.** (Winnipeg), **M. V. T.** (Taunton), **G. S. S.** (Glasgow), **W. S.** (Grasmere), **A. K.** (Derby), **T. F.** (London, W.C.), **J. C. R.** (Knutsford), **O. M. T.** (Shipley), **V. C.** (Aylsham), **F. H.** (St. Annes-on-Sea), **H. J. W.** (Cork) **C. M.** (Ayr).—Our thanks to you.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 6s.
18 ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 12s.

The League colours are blue, gold, and purple, and can now be obtained by members from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C., in the following forms:

Straw-hat bands (made up and adjustable)	1s. 4½d.,	post free
Narrow bow-ties	1s. 5½d.,	" "
Wide-ended silk ties	2s. 5½d.,	" "
Silk mufflers	4s. 11d.,	" "

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

The League Badge. Actual Size.

Amazing Discovery Regarding Nerve Troubles.

A Well-known business man tells how he cured himself of Neurasthenia and since thousands of others of Nervous Debility, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Loss of Memory, Nerve-pains, Physical Weakness and other Nerve Disorders.

Three Days' Free Trial Treatment to All.

After years of strenuous fighting I at last had achieved success, but at what a cost! My nerves were shattered, and I was a physical wreck. The business I had built up with such care and such hard work seemed destined to fail for want of a strong will behind it. No one can imagine the heartfailings and the trepidation with which I entered business every morning.

A NERVE-WRECKED MAN.

At last I had to give up. I was denied sleep, lost my appetite, lost flesh, felt wretched, was subject to fits of fear, melancholy, and hopelessness. At times I suffered excruciating pains in my head, while at other times I had Neuritis pains in my arms and legs. Not only did I find no pleasure in business, but I did not even take interest in my recreations. My political work—I was always interested in questions of social reform—I neglected. Nothing interested me. I was lethargic, pessimistic, and apathetic.

MY WIFE'S DESPAIR.

My wife was in despair. She besought me to make an effort; did all she could to interest me; urged me to try this doctor and then that, and at last persuaded me to take three months' holiday on the Continent. All, however, was fruitless. I slowly became worse, became haggard, drawn, and prematurely old. Then I began to read the subject up, read all the books written on nervous troubles, tried so-called nature cures, diet-cures, and all sorts of drugs. All, however, to no avail.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

One night I was listlessly reading, when a friend whom I had not seen for years was announced. I gladly jumped up to greet him. During our conversation he remarked on my appearance, and I told him my story—told him how I suffered and how disastrous it had all been for me. His first words, after I had explained my case, startled me and then annoyed me. He said: "You're all right, old man. Wait until to-morrow, and I'll bring you a prescription that will set you up. The treatment I'll bring you is different to anything you have tried. It's not a drug—does not flay your nerves into an unnatural activity; it's a food—nerve food—and it slowly but surely builds up the wasting nerve tissue." Next day, true to his promise, he brought that which eventually cured me. Nothing but a few tiny powders, but how potent! How wonderful! Slowly at first, but with increasing rapidity, I found myself getting better.

Mr. GEORGE BERESFORD,
whose generous free offer should be availed of by all Nerve Sufferers, even if everything else has failed.

CURED AT LAST.

My sleep returned, interest gave place to the dull apathy of the past, I became energetic again and eager for work. Fear and trepidation, which before had made my life a misery, slowly disappeared, and in a couple of months I was a different man. I enjoyed my life, was once again a happy man, and my business brought me all the old-time pleasure. I achieved success after success, and was once more really living—living every hour of my life. From time to time I gave the powders away to people who suffered from such nerve troubles as Neuralgia, Brain-fag, Loss of Spirit, Insomnia, Nervous Prostration, Physical and Mental Exhaustion, Nervous Dyspepsia, Nervous Disorders of the Kidneys, Bladder, Hysteria, Loss of Memory, Listlessness, and the like, and in each and every case I found that great benefit was experienced, and that in the majority of cases a cure was eventually brought about.

I then came to the conclusion that I owed a duty to suffering humanity, and decided, with my friend's permission, that the remedy which cured me should be brought to the notice of other sufferers.

A THREE DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

I put the matter on a business basis—I am a business man—and offered my cure, which I named "Sedalis," to all sufferers from nerve troubles, and it met with instantaneous success. All sufferers should at once write me personally regarding their trouble, and if they fill in the coupon below I shall be pleased to send them a three days' free trial of "Sedalis," together with my letter of advice.

3 DAYS' FREE TRIAL COUPON.

To MR. GEORGE BERESFORD,
DESK 54,
199, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Please send me sufficient "Sedalis" powders for 3 days' free trial. I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing.

Date.....

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Please write plainly, and state whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, or full title.

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